

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 796



FEB. 28, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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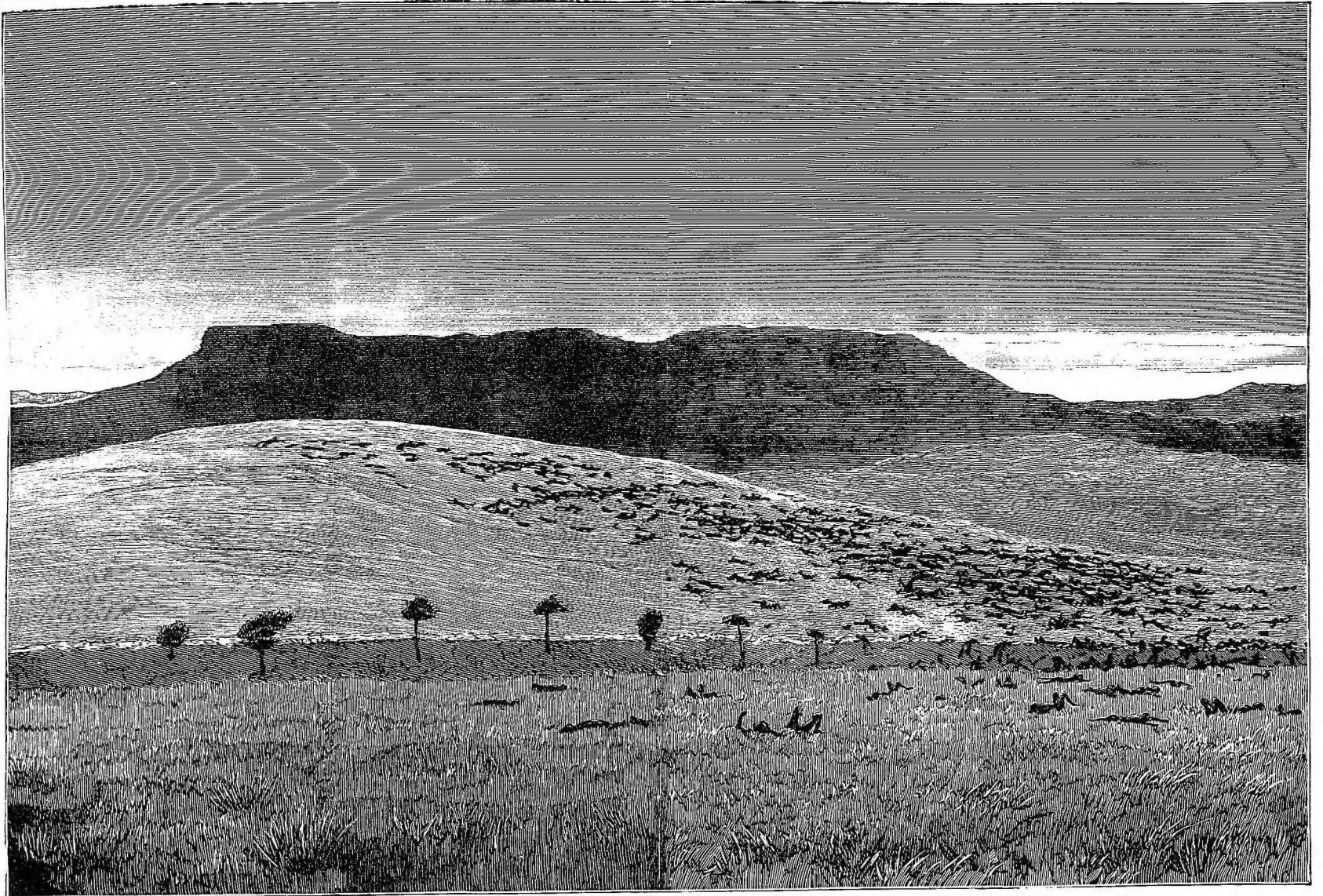
No. 796.—VOL. XXXI.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1885

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ABU KLEA AFTER THE BRITISH VICTORY, JAN. 17
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



THE LATE SIR HERBERT STEWART WOUNDED—CARRYING THE GENERAL TO THE NILE THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF GUBAT, JAN. 20
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

Topics of the Week

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.—The beginning of the debate on the proposed Vote of Censure was certainly not very promising. A feeble speech than Sir Stafford Northcote's has perhaps never been delivered by the leader of a powerful party on a great occasion. He seemed to have no real grip of the questions he was discussing, and when he sat down it would have been impossible to say whether or not he had a definite policy. Mr. Gladstone, of course, spoke with more energy, but his speech was in substance quite as unsatisfactory as that of his opponent. As usual, he laboured to show that no mistakes had been committed by his Government, and that, so far as their action was concerned, everything had been for the best in the best of possible worlds. In maintaining this remarkable position he must have seen that he was producing no impression. In the country there is but one opinion about the disaster at Khartoum—that it was due to the miserable bungling of the Ministry, and to that alone; and on this point the sentiment of the nation is accurately reflected in Parliament. At such a time as this, however, it is not with the past that men chiefly occupy themselves. They think rather of what is to come; and it was for some indication of the Prime Minister's intentions in the immediate future that Englishmen most eagerly waited. He met their expectations with an abundant supply of complicated sentences, but more than this he can hardly be said to have given them. That the Mahdi is to be smashed—about that he was clear enough; but he could not or would not say what is to happen when the smashing process has been completed. This tantalising vagueness formed the principal subject of Mr. Goschen's able speech on Tuesday. Mr. Goschen insisted that at last the time had come for the announcement of an unmistakable policy; and there can be no doubt at all that in saying this he expressed the unanimous opinion of the English people. There is not the slightest evidence that the country desires the return of the Conservatives to office. Lord Salisbury is in no sense a popular statesman, and he is regarded with profound distrust by the whole Liberal party. But every one is heartily tired of the happy-go-lucky style in which foreign affairs have been directed during the last two or three years; and if England is to be called upon to make more strenuous exertions than ever in the Soudan, she wishes to know exactly what is to be the object of her sacrifices. The tone of Mr. Gladstone's reply to a question put to him by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett on Tuesday seemed to imply that he had begun to understand this obvious fact. He drew a sharp distinction between the evacuation of the Soudan by Egypt and its abandonment by England after the taking of Khartoum. This was far from being an adequate response to the demand of the nation for a frank and complete statement; but it was very much plainer than anything Mr. Gladstone had said on the previous evening.

GORDON'S DESPATCHES.—A bold and thoroughly unscrupulous Ministry would have withheld this series of documents altogether at the present time, alleging high reasons of State as an excuse; a bold and thoroughly honest Ministry would have published them just as they were written. The Premier and his colleagues have, according to their usual custom, steered a middle course; they have not dared to suppress everything, but they have suppressed a good deal. Still, enough remains to condemn them, and to affix a black stain on their reputations which Mr. Gladstone will fail to wash away by means of the subtleties and evasions by which his oratory in the Vote of Censure Debate has been characterised. It is plain that at a time when the Ministry were publicly asserting as an excuse for their inaction that Gordon was in good case, and could, if he pleased, leave Khartoum at any moment, they were well aware that he was seriously harassed, that he was asking for help, and that he could not, even if he had wished it, quit the chosen scene of his labours. Being aware that these despatches would in a few days be in the hands of the public, Mr. Gladstone has, in the recent debate, adopted a different line of defence, stating that after they had decided to relieve Gordon, months were occupied in deciding upon the merits of the various routes proposed for the expedition. The weakness of his case is proved by the production of such a feeble plea as this. We all know the result of those delays, whether they were avoidable or unavoidable. The succour came too late. And the bitterness of regret is aggravated by the fact that, in spite of the delay which occurred in starting the expedition, and the slowness of its progress owing to the selection of the river route, it was, after all, so very nearly successful. The Prime Minister, however, denies this inference, and, on the authority of two mysterious colonels of Gordon's force, asserts that the approach of the relieving army was, and would have been at any time, the signal for the hero's betrayal. The verdict of the public—whatever Parliament may decide—will be unaffected by such far-fetched excuses as these. Their grief for the death of the defender of Khartoum will be mingled with execration for the Ministers who sacrificed him through their incurable vacillation.

MR. BURT ON PEACE.—The typical Quaker of comedy is a person at once genial and pugnacious, who is always putting his principles into his pocket to deal summarily with

the villain of the piece, amid frantic applause from the gallery. One meets Quakers like this in real life. Mr. Bright is one of them, and it has often been refreshing to see how this very John Bullish statesman rouses himself against a foe, and proceeds to smash him with hard words under the evident belief that these are not contrary to peace, since they break no bones. But though we love the stage Quaker, and have grown accustomed to Mr. Bright, we do not much like the spectacle of a whole Association of Peace Advocates combining to issue an address which teems with reckless and coarse abuse of all legislators who are not "working men." The address which Mr. Burt, M.P., laid before a Parisian audience last Sunday was no plea for peace, but really an incitement to civil war. It is all very well to say that Mr. Burt and his friends only meant to tell the Democracy that they should cease to elect members of the upper and middle classes to Parliament, but when these members are stigmatised as shameless pilferers and butchers who promote war and the slaughter of thousands in order that they may pouch the profits of swindling speculations, how can it be wondered at that excitable working men should clamour for the extermination of such miscreants? Mr. Burt's preaching ended in a free fight. The apostles of Peace went at one another hammer and tongs, and the member for Morpeth, "he had understood French, would have had the mortification of hearing himself vilified as a false and weak-kneed Brother, who after urging the people towards a certain end turned squeamish over the means for attaining the same. If Peace be the grand desideratum, and the *bourgeoisie* alone stand in the way of its fulfilment, the *bourgeois* should be improved off the face of the earth as a common enemy. This is the conclusion which the logical Frenchman drew from Mr. Burt's doctrine, and they are the conclusions which found practical expression in 1793, when the "Montagne" in the name of Fraternity set up the guillotine to make a short end of people who would not be loved as Brothers.

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE OPPOSITION.—At a meeting of the Conservative Party, on Tuesday, some plain statements were made as to the manner in which the Opposition is led in the House of Commons. And certainly there is nothing surprising in the discontent which was so freely expressed. Personally, Sir Stafford Northcote is much respected, both by his supporters and his opponents; but he has few of the qualities which are necessary for the leadership of a political party. He lacks energy and decision; and if he is capable—as every one knows he is—of forming strong opinions on questions of the day, he seldom has the will to give vigorous expression to his judgments. It was impossible for any class of Conservatives to be satisfied with his speech on the motion for a Vote of Censure; and he himself must have been aware that he had failed to please his followers. On Tuesday, when the Speaker called upon the House to apply the "Closure," a number of Conservatives walked into the Lobby with the Parnellites. Yet it must be assumed that those who did so condemned the proceedings of the Irish members, and were anxious that the debate on the Vote of Censure should be resumed. Such a mistake as this would have been impossible if the Conservatives had been guided by a resolute statesman. Under Disraeli's leadership the party kept well together, and any one who broke from the ranks to gratify some whim of his own had always good reason to regret his insubordination. The whole country suffers when the Opposition is not controlled by a firm hand; for the vigilance of the "Outs" affords the most effective of all guarantees for the good behaviour of the "Ins." It is certain that the present Government would have had a very different record if they had been confronted from the beginning of their career by a united Conservative Party. Had they invariably known that their opponents had a clear policy, they would have taken good care that no one should be able to accuse them of drifting on from day to day in their management of foreign affairs without the guidance of a single intelligible principle.

ROYALTY v. NATIONALISM IN IRELAND.—It is painful to have to make such a remark about a professedly civilised country, yet it is certainly true that the intention to visit Ireland shows no small amount of pluck on the part of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It would be a different matter if the Prince and his wife went over merely for their own diversion, like a pair of ordinary tourists; but it is of course an open secret that they go in a very distinct capacity. They go as would-be Reconcilers and Pacifators; and there may be persons—among such, for example, as those who are reported to have recently met at Paris in sanguinary conclave—who may deem them on this account to be worthy of "removal." In itself the proposed visit is a laudable undertaking; but it is doubtful if much advantage will come of it. The classes who will attend the Prince's *levées*, and participate in the social amusements for which his presence will be the signal, are loyal already. They are, as a body, far too well aware of the advantages of the Imperial connection to wish for an Irish Republic, which might begin with a civil war and end in absorption by France or America. But will the presence of the Prince and Princess soften the hearts of the masses who have for years imbibed sentiments of hatred and sedition from the teachings of platform agitators and inflammatory news-sheets? We are loth to answer "No;" but we fear that it is rather late in the day for such gentle remedies to succeed. If the Royal visit of 1849 had been sedulously followed up,

and a Balmoral established on the soil of the Green Island, the effect on the relations between the two countries might have had a genuine importance. But the opportunity was allowed to pass by unused. Nevertheless, let us hope for the best, and in any case the Prince and Princess deserve credit for intending to do what is probably less a pleasure than a duty.

COMMISSIONS AT RANDOM.—Our little war in Egypt seems to have strained our military resources to the utmost, for commissions are being sent out from the Horse Guards somewhat at random, so pressing is the need for officers. This year will be a good one for those young men who hold examinations in horror. Many a fine military career has been marred through the ill-luck of candidates who, having every physical and indeed moral requisite for making good officers, have nevertheless tripped up over some slight and despised branch of knowledge. Who has not known the young fellow, bright, brave, with a real love of soldiering and a faculty for leading men along with him, who has got plucked because he was shaky in his French participle? Not many years ago a veteran General went to visit Woolwich Academy, and was requested to make a little speech to encourage the cadets in their studies. He cleared his throat, wagged his head, and said, "Gentlemen, all this learning is a fine thing, no doubt; but I, for my part, have got on very well without it." This was not quite what the Governor of the Academy wanted; but it is a moot point whether too much erudition is not expected of officers in these days. Often the candidate who has been most crammed is preferred to others who have not the faculty of converting their minds into forcemeat balls—as Mr. Walter Wren might put it—but who do know two or three things thoroughly well. This year's lavish award of commissions will rectify this perhaps inevitable injustice, and give a chance to many young fellows who could never have won a sash in ordinary times. Let us hope the fortunate ones will prove that they deserved their luck.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.—There is an uneasy feeling in the country that the relations between England and Russia may soon be decidedly "strained." Russia may have no immediate intention of attacking Herat, but, according to the *Times*, which evidently has access to the best sources of information on the subject, her troops are—or were lately—"advancing so far on the way to Penjdeh as to cause great danger of a collision with the outposts of the Afghan force now holding that place." The official journals of Russia assert that she has never bound herself under all circumstances to abstain from the attempt to acquire influence over Afghanistan. She is free to act as she pleases, we are told, if we do not take care that the Afghans remain within their proper boundaries. This means, of course, that England will have no right to complain if a difference of opinion as to the possession of Penjdeh should give rise to a war between Russia and Afghanistan. But that is by no means clear; for the Afghans have a far better claim to Penjdeh than the Russians can have, and Great Britain could not allow a country whose independence is of so much importance to her to be unjustly assailed. The real cause of all this trouble is plain enough. England has a formidable task before her in the Soudan, and the St. Petersburg Government are of opinion that they could not have a more favourable opportunity of advancing some steps nearer to India. Even Mr. Gladstone, however, with all his love for peace, would be indisposed to stand quietly aside if Afghanistan were wantonly attacked; and there is no reason to doubt that he has taken all the precautions which the situation may have rendered necessary. If England speaks out distinctly and firmly, it is almost certain that Russia will refrain from action that might have serious consequences, for she is not prepared for war, and she knows perfectly well that we shall ask her to give up nothing to which she is justly entitled.

THE FRENCH WAR IN CHINA.—We purposely use this phrase, because, up to the present time, no formal declaration of war has been issued by either country, although fighting has been going on for many months past. This anomalous condition of affairs is especially inconvenient to neutrals, and, as the bulk of the commerce in these seas is in the hands of our people, the word "neutral" may usually be translated "British." The French have now, Lord Granville informs us, found it necessary to exercise the right of search on the high seas in order to intercept contraband of war destined for Chinese ports. Rice is contraband, according to a recent French decision, and as there is an active trade between British Burmah and some of the Chinese ports in this article—and much of it carried in British bottoms—it will be rather surprising if, within the next few months, some unpleasant collision does not occur. Lord Granville, who is meekness personified when dealing with a big Power, says that the French will exercise their rights with the utmost forbearance. This is all very well. But supposing the conjunction of a hectoring officer of the French Navy and a hot-tempered British skipper. Supposing that harsh words should be followed by actual violence. The British skipper's cause is sure to be warmly supported by all the non-French white residents of the Treaty Ports, because the French quarrel with the Court of Peking (which these residents hold to be without justification) is ruining their business, and exposing them to the daily risk of maltreatment and massacre. And now a

word on another aspect of this Franco-Chinese difficulty. It is scarcely wise for the pot to call the kettle black; and we in the Soudan are doing a number of things which are repugnant to the Christianity which we profess. But we are not doing anything quite so bad as the French in China, where their gunboats are careering about the coasts, sinking hundreds of fishermen's junks, and thereby causing incalculable misery.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH FREEMASONS.—In his letter to the Grand Orient of France, the Prince of Wales has rightly conveyed the sentiments of almost all English Freemasons. The French Lodge threatens by "appealing to the English nation," as it says, to begin a sort of agitation against the Governing Council of the English Lodges; but such an attempt can only fail. The Grand Orient, by eliminating from its rite the invocation to the Supreme Architect, has obeyed the behests of some of its most intolerant members, and it can no longer expect to remain in fellowship with the English Lodges whose fundamental statute it has ignored. There is no sense in saying that the Grand Orient declines to acknowledge the Deity in order that it may respect liberty of conscience. The term "Supreme Architect of the Universe" is sufficiently vague and mystical to satisfy men of all creeds, and even those of no creed; but if there be some Frenchmen who believe that the universe was "evolved out of nothing by nobody," why should these persons insist on imposing their own scepticism on the majority? The fact is that those Frenchmen who feel shocked to hear the existence of a Supreme Architect acknowledged are men whose endeavour it is to convert foreign Freemasonry into a political association. They have succeeded to a great extent in this purpose; but English Masons can take no interest in their action except to deplore it as running counter to the charitable and sociable objects of the Brotherhood. It may be remarked that the late M. Littré, though he passed for an infidel, was strongly opposed to any abandonment of the time honoured "invocation," and he was always very caustic with people who asserted their agnosticism too aggressively. One day, meeting M. Babinet, he said to him abruptly, "Well, Babinet, is there a Deity?" "No," responded Babinet, emphatically. "Ah, well, you have more religion than I, for I know nothing of the matter!" was Littré's answer.

NATIONALISTS AND THE CLOSURE.—When the debate on the Vote of Censure began England seemed to be drifting towards the dangerous opinion that she had actually something else to think of besides Irish wrongs. This would never do; so on Tuesday the Parnellites were ready with some huge grievance (about a constable) on which they were evidently resolved to dilate for many hours. But they met with an unexpected obstacle. The Speaker soon announced that the subject had been adequately discussed, and then, after some fiery talk, the "Closure" was for the first time applied. In the course of the proceedings Mr. O'Brien had to be suspended from the service of the House for shouting in an excited voice, "We will remember this in Ireland." It is to be hoped that they will, and that as often as Nationalists in Parliament choose to obstruct the course of public business their constituents will have similar opportunities of exercising their memory. Nobody wishes to hamper the legitimate expression of Irish discontent. It is good for England to know exactly what the malcontents are thinking about her and about her methods of government. But it hardly follows that no time should be left for the discussion of the affairs of the Empire. However important and interesting a country Ireland may be, she cannot fairly claim to absorb the attention of Parliament; and there can be little doubt that she would have respected England a good deal more if she had been made aware of this fact long ago. The gratitude of the country is due to the Speaker for his judicious exercise of his powers on Tuesday; and it may be added that something very different from gratitude is due to those Conservatives who voted with the Home Rulers against the question, "That the question be now put." The Conservatives are not favourable to the "Closure," but they could scarcely have chosen a less fit occasion for the manifestation of their dislike.

OUR ARMY.—As the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been pointing out the deficiencies of the Navy, so the *St. James's Gazette* has recently devoted itself to the shortcomings of the Army. In the issue of the latter journal a tabular statement is given, in the form of a commercial balance sheet showing the numerical profit and loss (in men, not in money) during the last three years. The result is decidedly disheartening, for the number of men annually quitting the army is so great, owing to their six years' term of service having expired, to say nothing of some 4,000 deserters annually, that the War Office authorities have had the greatest difficulty in providing the required quota of effective soldiers for the new Soudan Expedition which is now starting, because so many of the men were physically unfit for active service. Yet some 35,000 recruits (the largest number on record) were induced to join the colours last year, the standard of age, height, and chest measurement having lately been reduced. Taking the strength of the Home Army at 90,000, the compiler reckons that of these 22,000 are, or shortly will be, in Egypt and the Soudan, and that of the remaining 68,000 available for defensive purposes at home, 30,000 have under

two years' service, while 30,000 are practically recruits, having not more than eight months' service, and that therefore in case of any sudden emergency arising, we are in possession, for home-purposes, of only 8,000 seasoned soldiers. "An Ex-Dragoon" writing to the same journal on this subject, maintains that the short-service system is a mistake, that good men will not be induced by the bait of deferred pay to give up six years of their early manhood to the army, followed by six years in the Reserve, and that if we desire to have soldiers possessed of the *physique* and military qualities of those who won our victories in days gone by, we must revert to the plan of long-service followed by a sufficient pension. We offer no opinion on this difficult subject, which can only be adequately treated by experts, but the unpleasant fact remains that the Soudan Expedition—though reckoned as a little war—has strained our military resources to the utmost.

DR. BUTLER.—The new Dean of Gloucester has done wonders at Harrow in twenty-five years, and it will be difficult to find him a worthy successor. He himself succeeded a splendid master in Dr. Vaughan, who literally refounded Harrow. It is scarcely remembered now that, when Dr. Vaughan went as master to the school, it contained only seventy boys, and the moral tone among these was so bad that he had serious thoughts of expelling them in a body. He abstained from this extreme measure, restored discipline, and on his retirement had brought up the number of boys to more than 400, and placed Harrow on a level with Eton and Rugby as a leading public school. Dr. Ridding did the same kind of good work at Winchester, which had but 150 boys when he took it over from Dr. Moberly's hands; but had more than 500 when he resigned it last year to Mr. Fearon. How much a school depends for prosperity and prestige on its head-master may be seen by the case of Rugby, which has not yet recovered from the decline into which it sank during the short but troubled period of Dr. Hayman's reign. Dr. Hayman is an admirable scholar; but he has not the peculiar gifts—whereof gentle firmness is chief—which make the popular and successful head-master. Dr. Butler possesses these gifts in an eminent degree, and his rule has been—like good coachmanship—easy and steady, with no tugging at the reins, and, as all Harrovians will gratefully acknowledge, with little use of the whip.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, devoted chiefly to incidents connected with the WAR IN THE SOUDAN.



PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 JUNIUS; or, THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, a Five-Act Play, by the late Lord Lytton, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Dewhurst, Speakman, Doone, Cooper, Hudson, Fulton, Evans, Burleigh, Besley, Gould, De Solia, Burnage, Foss, Elliott, &c., and E. S. Willard. Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Preceded at 7.30, by a New One-Act Play, by Brandon Thomas, entitled THE COLOUR SERGEANT, in which Mr. George Barrett, &c., will appear. Doors open at 7.0. Box Office open daily 9.30 till 5.0. No fees of any kind. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

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NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW. THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER. AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE. A PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE. THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A LITTLE DUCHESS. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON. THE POACHER. BRITON RIVIERE. LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE. FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA. PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA. &c., &c., &c. Engravings of above on sale at 21s. each. OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION, 31s. 6d. each. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS. GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

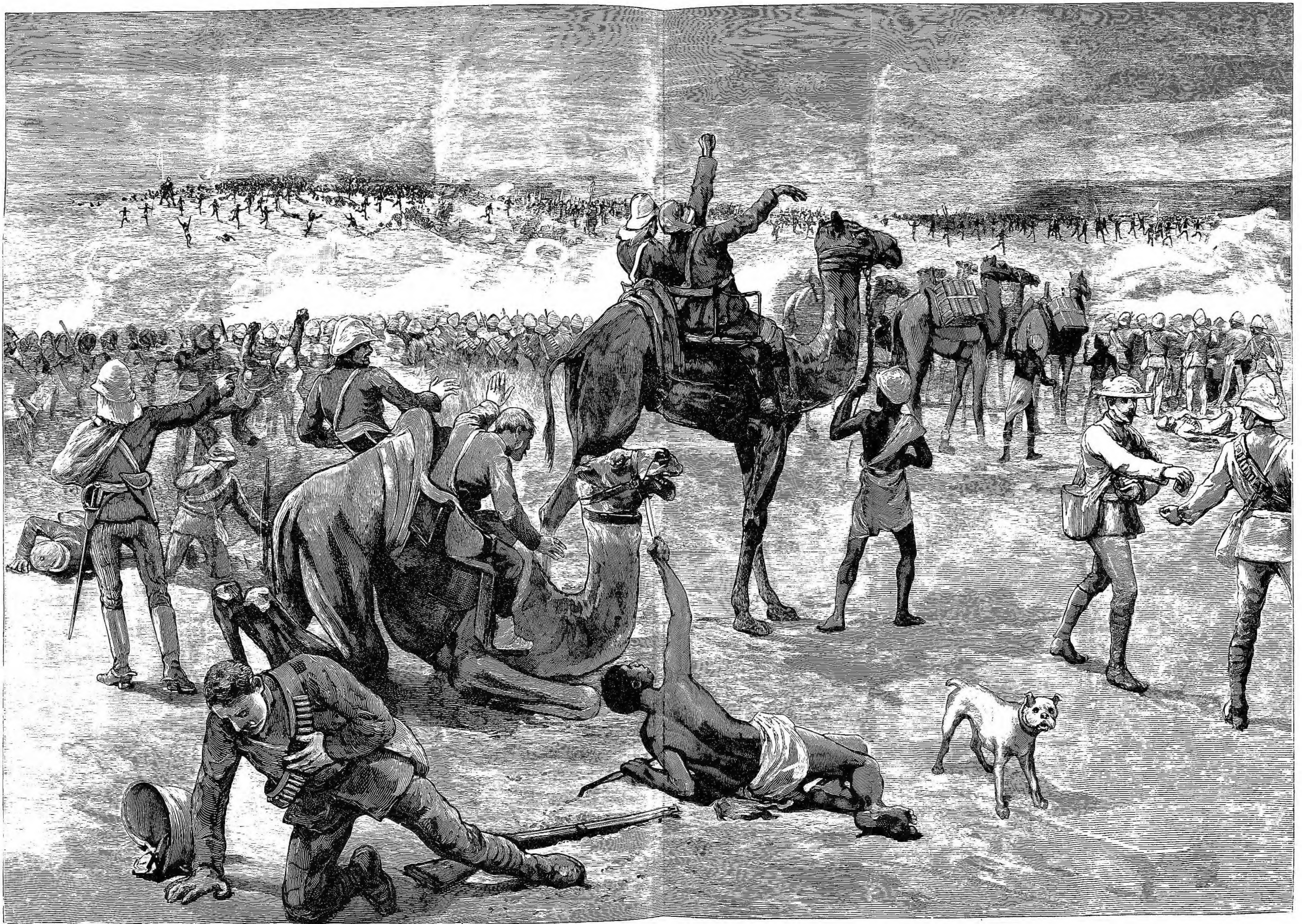
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.



THE WAR IN EGYPT

THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA, JANUARY 17

OUR sketches this week carry the history of the war from the battle of Abu Klea on January 17th, when Sir Herbert Stewart and his gallant little force had their first serious encounter with the enemy, to the arrival off Gubat, on January 21st, of the four steamers sent down the river by General Gordon to meet our troops. Our sketches last week represented the troops resting at Gakdul Wells on January 13th. Next day, General Stewart, with about 1,500 men, three guns, and one Gardner, left on their march to Metemneh. About noon on the 16th January the sound of distant rifle-firing was heard, and a message came in from Barrow's Hussars, who were scouting in advance, that the enemy had taken up a position near the Wells of Abu Klea, distant about fifty-three miles from Gakdul, and twenty-three from Metemneh. General Stewart at once massed his men in square formation of march, and advanced almost to the foot of a ridge of rocky, rugged hills, which was occupied by the enemy. There he halted his troops, and rode forward to reconnoitre in order to gather some idea of the strength of the opposing force. He was unable to do this, however, and thinking it imprudent to make any attack that evening, he ordered a zeriba to be formed for the night, with flanking squares strongly



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE BATTLE OF GUBAT, JAN. 19
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

"As the crest of the sandy ridge was being slowly but surely approached by our flame-edged square, the enemy, many of whom had hitherto remained hidden, made a supreme effort to check our resistless advance. Their charge was a superb one, but our men waited the shock with the utmost coolness. No gap was made on this occasion of which advantage could be taken by the fierce spearmen. . . . Steadily, mercilessly, rang out the sharp roll of our fire. Surely no force braver than that can stand up against the hail of bullets which poured into the enemy's extended ranks."—*Daily Chronicle*.

occupied, and pickets holding posts on the hills. Throughout the night the troops were harassed by a dropping fire, and three times were called to arms. In the morning a brisk fire was opened from the hills, the enemy subsequently advancing in good order in two long lines, with banners flying bravely, each division numbering about 5,000 men. The enemy, however, would not be drawn into directly attacking our position, but maintained a hot and galling fire, so that General Stewart, at 10 A.M., determined upon making the attack himself. Accordingly the troops were ordered to advance in square, the Mounted Infantry being on the left half front, the Artillery in the centre, the Guards on the right half front, another detachment of the Guards and a portion of the Sussex Regiment on the right flank, and the Heavies and Mounted Infantry on the left flank. Another detachment of the Heavies and the Naval Brigade made up the rear, the Gardner guns being placed in the centre of the square. The camels and other impedimenta were left in the zeriba under a guard of the Sussex Regiment and Mounted Infantry. The enemy gradually retreated as our troops advanced round the left of their position, but suddenly wheeling to the left the Arabs made a fierce charge upon the rear of the square, and so rapid was the rush that the Heavies were borne back by the masses which poured upon them, and in a moment the corner of the square was broken. The troops quickly rallied, however, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, the Guards and Mounted Infantry pouring a withering fire upon the Arabs, who were eventually beaten back, and retreated, leaving 800 dead upon the field. Our sketch of the battlefield was taken on January 27th, a fortnight after the battle. Our special artist's sketches of the battle itself have not come to hand, although we have received those of later date—of the Battle of Gubat.

SOME OF THE MAHDI'S TROOPS

THIS sketch illustrates some of the prisoners captured during the fighting at Abu Klea. The men were wearing the uniform of the Mahdi, decked with blue and white devices, and a skull cap of the same colour, and at first gave themselves up as completely lost. On being kindly treated they generally became exceedingly communicative, but unfortunately their information is not trustworthy, being framed with intent to please their captors as far as possible.

THE BATTLE OF GUBAT, JANUARY 19TH

LEAVING the wounded at the Wells in charge of a strong guard, General Stewart continued his march upon Metemneh at 3 P.M. on January 18th. Nothing, however, was seen occurring until day-break on the 19th January, when Metemneh was sighted, and the tom-toms of the enemy were heard. The troops were at once set to work to construct a zeriba, and the Arabs were now seen to be swarming down the hills which intervened between our position and the Nile. General Stewart also determined that his troops should not fight upon empty stomachs, and breakfast was accordingly prepared. The Arabs, however, opened a galling fire at long range, but despite this the men continued their task of throwing up defensive works of sacks, barrels of stores, camel saddles, brushwood, and sandbags. The firing soon became fiercer and general, and ultimately General Stewart ordered the fighting square to be formed. Before this could be done he was severely wounded by a shot in the abdomen, while Mr. Cameron, correspondent of the *Standard*, was shot in the back while eating his breakfast, and killed on the spot, Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, meeting the same fate, and Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, being slightly wounded. Sir Charles Wilson then took command, and at 2 P.M., leaving the baggage and camels and wounded in the zeriba under the charge of Lord Charles Beresford, advanced upon the enemy with the square—a small redoubt having previously been constructed by the engineers to the right front of the zeriba, and manned by a little force, under Lord Cochrane, of fifty Life Guards and Scots Greys, who did good service in keeping off a force of the enemy. The square marched in much the same order as at Abu Klea, the Naval Brigade this time being in the right front. The three guns, as before, were in the centre front. The square marched direct upon the sandy ridge which was held by the enemy, who, following their usual custom, made a determined charge. This time, however, they never reached the square, thanks to the withering fire which our troops poured upon the advancing masses, and to the excellent shell practice of the guns under Captain Norton, R.A. "In advance," wrote one correspondent, "and on the flank of the advancing mass, we could see some half-dozen splendidly mounted Arabs, evidently sheikhs of importance, encouraging their men with voice and gesture, prancing defiantly. Steadily, mercilessly rang out the sharp roll of our fire. Scores dropped in their track at every fifty yards, but the swift tide of yelling, gesticulating, spear-brandishing warriors rolled on, and it seemed as though it must reach our ranks. Our men set their teeth, but the expected death-grapple did not come. Several of the sheikhs had now fallen, and as the enemy came nearer they suffered more terribly. At a hundred yards there seemed to be a slight check. At fifty yards there was a decided wavering, which culminated in an evident check when the first ranks of the enemy were within thirty yards. Some of our men cheered, and the steady roll of musketry continued mercilessly, until finally the enemy turned and fled." At half-past four the enemy's fire completely ceased, and the square advanced over the ridge to the Nile, which was struck at Gubat. There the troops bivouacked on the Nile bank, and next morning a strong force was despatched to Lord Charles Beresford and the troops left behind in the zeriba.

Our artist writes from Gubat on January 22nd:—"After a long and thirsty march across the desert we have just had three days of the most terrible fighting I have ever witnessed. I am so done up with the tension and privations that I am hardly fit for anything. You will hear from the various correspondents of the work that has been done; but I may tell you that on the 19th we thought it was all up with us. After a night's march without halting we found ourselves four miles from the Nile, on the left of the town of Metemneh. The enemy streamed out in thousands to meet us, and we were forced to take up a position on a sandhill, surrounded by dense mimosa. Before the men had time to fill their water-bottles from our reserve we were engaged. A terrible fire was poured into us from all sides, under cover of the mimosa. The enemy's skirmishers were excellent, and their shot told. Not being able to stop the fire of the enemy, our position was exceedingly critical. General Stewart was dangerously wounded. Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, was shot through the head, and poor Cameron, of the *Standard*, was killed with a bullet through his chest. At two o'clock, as a last resource and forlorn hope, a square of 1,200 men was formed to march to the Nile, and build a fort, if possible. The dead and wounded lay thick around. To me the remedy seemed hopeless, so I resolved to meet my death, if it were to be, in the heroic little square, the efforts of which General Stewart relied on, for if the square disappeared the whole army would have been wiped out. We marched at two o'clock; paraded under a galling fire, we moved off at the slow march through four miles of the enemy's skirmishers. All their fire was now concentrated on us, and I never remember anything more terrible than their noise as they whirled past. We could not see the enemy over the dense mimosa bushes; but we occasionally halted and gave them volleys. On nearing clear ground the enemy concentrated some of their number. We all jumped for joy at now seeing them. Presently, with yells and tom-toms beating, the savages rushed upon us, but only to recoil, for our fire and the coolness of our men were admirable. Their stolid indifference to the fire of the enemy, and their steadiness when they made their final rush, saved the army

that day. We reached the hill at nightfall, with only twenty-eight wounded, and when we saw the water hardly one of us could but say it was worth the risk, for we were almost dying with thirst and fatigue. Our road is supposed to be cut, but I hope you may get this through. I will write and send more sketches when I pull together. We are simply now invested by the enemy, and don't know what may happen if relief does not come." In the sketch of the battle of Gubat, the dog represented is a pet bull terrier of the Mounted Infantry. Our artist himself may be seen on the right serving out cartridges. The man on the left with his arm in a sling is Lord Airlie.

IN THE ZERIBA—THE BURIAL OF MR. CAMERON—CARRYING GENERAL STEWART TO GUBAT

WHILE the square was engaging the main body of the enemy, the troops in the zeriba were also vigorously repulsing constant rushes of another body of the Arabs who, mostly mounted, had evidently been detached for that service. The fire from the zeriba and Lord Cochrane's redoubt, however, was so hot that the enemy was beaten back at every point, and after the defeat of the main body retired altogether. The night was spent in great anxiety, as the ultimate success of Sir Charles Wilson was unknown, until some columns from Gubat marched into the zeriba the next morning. Then, we are told, "the small garrison greeted their comrades as befitted the occasion. The men holding the work cheered them rapturously, some weeping for joy at their deliverance from a horrible death at the hands of a barbarous foe." Preparations were at once made for the move to Gubat, but before marching, wrote the *Standard* correspondent, "Mr. Burleigh of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Villiers of *The Graphic*, Colonel Barrow of the Hussars, and Lord Charles Beresford, who had gallantly conducted the defence of the zeriba, together with myself, Mr. Melton Prior of the *Illustrated London News*, and Mr. H. H. S. Pearse of the *Daily News*, bore sadly to the grave the body of our lamented colleague, Mr. Cameron. His grave was dug alongside those of two officers and Mr. Herbert of the *Morning Post*. Lord Charles Beresford read the Burial Service, which the circumstances rendered most impressive. The largest number of casualties occurred in the square, where the killed numbered twelve—including Quartermaster A. C. Lima, of the 19th Hussars, and Conductor of Supplies A. G. Jewell, the wounded numbering forty. In the advance the death roll was increased by six, the wounded numbering twenty-eight." In the march to Gubat the wounded, and amongst them General Stewart, were carefully carried on stretchers.

THE RECONNAISSANCE OF METEMNEH

OUR troops having been strongly entrenched at Gubat, numerous scouting expeditions were sent out to the various villages to ascertain the position and strength of the enemy, and on Wednesday, January 21st, a reconnaissance in force was made on Metemneh itself, which was found to have been placed in a state of defence, and the walls to have been loopholed. Some shots were fired from our Gardner and Gatling guns, to which the enemy occasionally replied with one gun, and with rifles fired through the loopholes. Very little, however, appears to have been seen of the defenders, who appeared very unwilling to show themselves. No assault, however, was made, and Sir Charles Wilson, in his report to Lord Wolseley, states that, though he could have carried Metemneh, which he describes as a "long and straggling village," he did not think it worth the loss it would have entailed.

THE ARRIVAL OF GORDON'S STEAMERS

WHILE the troops were thus engaged in exchanging shots with the Metemneh garrison, they were surprised by the sight of three steamers coming slowly down the river flying the Egyptian colours. These proved to have been despatched by General Gordon, and had been plying up and down the Nile ever since November, on the look out for the arrival of the British reinforcements. Soon afterwards another steamer appeared, being greeted by our troops with ringing cheers. The little flotilla were in charge of Admiral Khamsel Nus, who bore the following message from General Gordon, written on a small scrap of paper, "Khartoum all right; can hold on for years. C. E. Gordon. Dec. 29, 1884." The steamers were carefully blinded, and protected from the enemy's bullets with huge beams, and brought a detachment of 500 soldiers from Gordon's garrison and several brass guns. The troops were described as a "ragged lot," but were heartily welcomed by our own men, who fraternised warmly with them when they landed. Their arrival inspired new vigour into our men, who began to think that their troubles were over, and the campaign virtually at an end, little dreaming of the terrible news which was eventually in store for them.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL EYRE

LIEUTENANT COLONEL PHILIP HOMAN EYRE, commanding the first battalion of the South Staffordshire (formerly the 38th) Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Kibbekan on the 10th of February, 1885, was born in 1832. He was the eldest surviving son of the late Richard Eyre, Esq., of Woodview, Eyre Court, and nephew of the late John Eyre, Esq., of Eyre Court, in the county of Galway, Ireland, a branch of the ancient family of Eyre, in Wiltshire. Young Eyre was originally intended by his father for the Church, but having an intense longing for a military life he ran away from home and enlisted in the 38th Regiment, now the South Staffordshire. He soon obtained a commission in the regiment as Ensign, 1854, was promoted to Lieutenant in 1855, to Captain in 1862, to Major in 1876, and to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1881. He served with the 38th Regiment in the Crimean War, including the Siege of Sebastopol (medal with clasp, and Turkish medal); in the Indian Campaign, including the assault and capture of Meeangunge, siege and capture of Lucknow, and affairs of Barree and Nugger (medal with clasp); with the first battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment in the Egyptian War of 1882, and commanded the half battalion engaged in the reconnaissance in force from Alexandria on the 5th of August (mentioned in the despatches, medal, Fourth Class of the Osmanieh, and Khedive's Star). He commanded the first battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment in the Boat Expedition up the Nile in 1884-5, and fell mortally wounded whilst gallantly charging at the head of his regiment at the Battle of Kibbekan. He was a thorough soldier, was universally acknowledged to be one of the best and bravest officers in the army, and was both highly esteemed and deeply regretted by the officers and men of the regiment in which he had served for thirty-one years. He died as he had lived, in the service of his Queen and country, leaving a wife and two young children to lament their irreparable loss.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Robert Cox, 37, Whiteladies' Road, Clifton.

A REBEL AND HIS FAMILY SURRENDERING AT SUAKIM

THIS represents an incident during one of the reconnaissances of our troops outside Suakim. An Arab and his family, finding themselves hard pressed by our troops, offered at once to submit, and, as the sketch shows, was at once conducted to the camp.

DEPARTURE OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS FROM WINDSOR

ON the afternoon of Thursday, the 19th inst., the Queen, who was seated at a window in the Grand Quadrangle of the Palace, inspected the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards previous to their departure for the Soudan. The battalion, which was under the command of Colonel the Hon. W. S. D. Home, consisted of

31 officers, a warrant officer, 10 colour-sergeants, 23 sergeants, 15 drummers, and 750 rank and file. Officers and men were attired in red serge tunics, dark trousers, sun helmets, and puggarees. The men carried their marching equipment. A mounted party, under Captain St. John Mildmay, were dressed in khakee uniforms, the officers wearing brown leather boots. These men appear in the foreground of our picture. The Queen addressed the soldiers in an earnest spirit-stirring little speech.

Next morning, at 6.45, the battalion was paraded at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor. The men were in full marching order; the Mounted Infantry detachment were completely equipped in their fighting costume of khakee, and the officers wore their service dress, red serge tunics, cord breeches, and brown leather boots, and were armed with sword and revolver. Then the Prince of Wales came and inspected the troops, finishing with a brief but interesting speech. This very day, he said, thirty-one years ago, this very battalion left for the Crimea. The Guards fought well then, said the Prince, and he was sure they would fight well now.

The greatest enthusiasm was manifested as the troops wended their way to the London and South-Western Station. The bands played farewell tunes, and the populace shouted and cheered responsively. Having entered the train, the battalion proceeded via Waterloo to Gravesend.

DEPARTURE OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

CROWDS of people had assembled on the Thames Embankment before seven o'clock on Thursday morning, February 19th. The attraction was the sight of the soldiers who were going to the Soudan. The female relatives of the departing soldiers were admitted to the parade-ground of the Wellington Barracks, and here many affecting leave-takings took place. Then the bugle sounded for the troops to prepare for departure, and they scampered back to barracks to don their accoutrements. Presently they returned fully equipped. The Mounted Infantry wore their great coats and Bedford cord breeches, and were provided with Namaqua buckets and water-bottles. The rest of the battalion wore white fatigue jackets and ordinary uniform trousers. Their khakee clothing will not be put on till they reach Suakim. The troops in question, who were the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, commanded by Colonel A. Lambton, then marched out from Wellington Barracks, and embarked at Westminster Bridge Stairs for Gravesend on board the London Steam Boat Company's steamers, *Duke of Edinburgh* and *Osprey*. Indescribable enthusiasm prevailed. The bridges and the Embankment were crowded with spectators, from whom a continuous roar of cheers rang out. Several steam-launches accompanied the two craft, and at Charing Cross they were joined by the *Marquis of Ailsa* steamer, chartered especially for the conveyance of officers and their friends.

EMBARKATION OF COLDSTREAMS AT GRAVESEND

AFTER passing under London Bridge, the progress of the steamers and the flotilla of yachts which accompanied them was attended with danger. The Pool is always crowded, and vessels of all kinds are constantly crossing and recrossing; but besides this, a fog came on, and as both the river steamers were heavily laden extreme caution was necessary. The 500 men in full marching order on board the *Duke of Edinburgh* made the complement in weight fully equal to the maximum number of passengers which the vessel is licensed to carry. Down to Greenwich the progress of the vessels was frequently interrupted, but after that the fog gradually cleared off. Below, as above bridge, the enthusiasm was unabated. It was a continuous round of cheering from wharves, docks, and small craft, intermingled with the discharge of cannon and small arms, and the blowing of steam whistles and horns. Boys on board training ships manned the yards and cheered vociferously, their bands playing national airs. When near Gravesend the men on both vessels were called to attention, and preparations were at once made for the embarkation on board the transport *Manora*, which was moored in mid stream opposite the Admiralty Pier. At noon the embarkation began, the officers and men filing on board by companies. At 2 P.M. all had settled down in their respective quarters, and an hour later the *Manora* was on her way, amid cheers from numerous officers and friends.

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT SUAKIM

"THE English cemetery at Suakim," writes the gentleman to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "is situated on the right side of the harbour on entrance. It is a bare sandy waste, with occasional scattered clumps of furze bush. Many of our soldiers and sailors, both in the last campaign and during this summer, have been laid in their last resting-place there, with only a heap of coral, a mound of earth, or a simple wooden cross, erected over them by their comrades or messmates in loving remembrance. During the terrible months of July and August last several were buried, having died of sunstroke, fever, or dysentery; and yet people who were then at Suakim have reported since they left that the climate was healthy. In the last week of July, indeed, not a single morning passed without the ensigns of the ships in the harbour being half-mast for some poor fellow who had succumbed to the climate. The thermometer stood at 125 deg. in the shade under double-awning tents."

THE SUAKIM-BERBER RAILWAY.—SKETCHES ON THE PROPOSED ROUTE

OUR engravings are from sketches by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne, one of the surviving European officers of Hicks Pasha's force, and who traversed the road between Suakim and Berber with that ill-fated army in 1883. Though many matters of detail with regard to the construction of the exact line which the railway shall follow are not yet decided upon, there is no doubt that the great caravan route will be as nearly adhered to as possible. The length of this is 241 miles; and according to Major Prout's official report in 1876, the face of the country presents no insurmountable difficulty to the construction of a railway. Indeed, throughout far the greater part of the distance a railway could be built with unusual ease and economy. The surface is such as to require little earth work, and no masonry would be required except culverts to pass the water during the rains, and in certain places to protect the road from the torrents. With the exception of two stretches of about sixty miles each, also, there is no lack of water. In the pass from Wady Ahmed into Haratri, the district shown in one of our illustrations, some heavy rock cutting and perhaps a tunnel will be necessary. This pass is the most formidable part of the line, but some further rock cutting will be required west of Ariab. Another difficulty is the passage of certain sand dunes, which may be expected to give some trouble, owing to the drifting sand. Part of the route is wonderfully picturesque, particularly the Haratri district. The Wady Haratri is a defile winding between the granite slopes of the mountains. "Before reaching Haratri," writes Colonel Colborne, respecting the sketch of Wady Yunga, "the rocks start up like gigantic gaunt grim idols. All around granite, porphyry, and greenstone crop up along the whole route, uniformly covered with a black growth, presenting a sombre and forbidding appearance, and adding to the impressiveness of the scene. The most daring conception of Gustave Doré would fail to give any idea of it. One might imagine that the Titans had been playing at bowls with the rocks." The Wady Kokreb is two miles wide, and there a new mountain range is entered. Of the sketch between Kokreb and Ariab also Colonel Colborne writes:—"Soon after leaving Haratri we entered

a weird region, where the huge block boulders were strewn around in the wildest confusion." The Valley of Ariab is about five miles long and two miles wide, and is inhabited by a number of Bedouins. There are some very fine wells at Ariab, but after leaving that place no water is to be found for some fifty miles, the road leading across barren plains and over low hills to Obak, where the sand dunes above-mentioned are found.

MASSOWAH

We have already described and given a general view of Massowah, and little need be said of these two illustrations beyond that they will give an idea of the appearance of this town, which has been so prominently brought before the world by the Italian occupation. Built on two islands connected by a causeway, Massowah is protected by well-placed forts, armed with Krupps, and capable of repelling any possible attack from the land side with the smallest possible garrison. Most of the houses are constructed of poles and grass, though the chief buildings are of stone and coral, such as the archway shown in the sketch, and the Governor's Palace, which was built by General Gordon.

"COUSIN ISIDOR"

A NEW STORY, by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, and illustrated by Robert Barnes, is continued on page 213.

PRINCE HASSAN

PRINCE HASSAN is the brother of Tewfik, the present Khédive of Egypt, and was educated in this country. He has recently been requested, it is said at Lord Wolseley's suggestion, to accompany the British Expedition as Civil High Commissioner of the Soudan. He accepted on condition that the Soudan should be constituted an autonomous province of Egypt, and that an exclusively Mahomedan army of 3,000 men should be raised by him. The appointment is declared to have been decided on in accordance with the advice of Ismail Pasha, Hassan Fehmi having, with the explicit consent of the Sultan, brought the suggestion under the notice of the British Government. Mr. Gladstone's adoption of the idea pleases Constantinople officials; whether it will give equal pleasure to the Arab sheikhs of the Soudan remains to be seen.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company, 108 and 110, Regent Street, W.

M. LESSAR

THE territories of the Russian and the British Empires are now practically continuous except for the dominions of the Ameer of Afghanistan, which are interposed between them. Some years ago we went to war with the previous Sovereign of this region because he refused to receive our Mission, and was suspected of intriguing with the Muscovites. The present Ameer has, irrespective of more exalted motives, a hundred and twenty thousand substantial reasons (in the shape of an annual subsidy of pounds sterling to that amount) for not quarrelling with Great Britain. Such being the case, and Afghanistan being, at all events for the present, an outlying buttress of our Indian empire, it has become an important matter to settle what are the northern boundaries of Afghanistan, or to put it more plainly, what are Russia's claims in that direction. For the purpose of settling this business, a Joint Commission representing the two Empires was organised, respectively under General Zelenoy and Sir Peter Lumsden. But the Russian agents have, thus far, shown a remarkable backwardness in meeting our representatives on the spot, sinister rumours have arisen as to their intended occupation of Herat, and now, instead of settling the business at Sarakhs, as was originally intended, they have sent a special Commissioner, M. Lessar, to London, to confer directly with our Cabinet. M. Lessar, though now a naturalised Russian subject, is by birth a Frenchman. By profession he is an engineer, has surveyed much of the country between the Murghab and the Heri Road, and has even marked out the route for a railway from the Russian possessions east of the Caspian to Herat. M. Lessar is officially styled Diplomatic Agent of the Russian Foreign Office, attached to the Commander-in-Chief of the Transcaspien.—Our portrait is from a photograph by a St. Petersburg photographer.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S STEAM LAUNCH "QUEEN VICTORIA"

THE National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War have sent out this vessel in connection with the Nile Expedition, under the superintendence of Assistant-Commissary-General J. S. Young, and under the medical charge of Mr. E. F. White, F.R.C.S., of St. Thomas's Hospital.

On the upward journey the vessel is to be employed in carrying comforts for the use of the patients in hospitals on the line of route; on the downward journey for the conveyance of invalids. For this purpose the launch is fully equipped with medicines, cooking arrangements, and medical comforts.

The *Queen Victoria* draws only 2 ft. 6 in. of water, and can steam from five to six miles an hour against the stream. She is 58½ ft. long, and nine feet beam. She has two cabins, in which there is sleeping accommodation for seven persons. The staff of the launch comprises, besides Surgeon White, Mr. Jesse Dale, of Mansourah, Superintendent and Engineer, a pilot, two boatmen, a fireman, a cook, and an attendant.

COMPLETION OF THE MERSEY TUNNEL

On Friday, February 13, a party of 400 or 500 gentlemen, shareholders in the Mersey Railway Company, accepted the invitation of the joint contractors for the work, Major Isaac, of London, and Messrs. Wadell, of Edinburgh, to descend the shafts of the tunnel and inspect the works beneath the Mersey, now that they have been practically completed. The parties started in two divisions from the Liverpool and Birkenhead sides respectively, and, advancing onwards, met half-way just beneath the centre of the river-bed. This point was indicated by an ornamental cord run across the tunnel, and other preparations had also been made for an interesting ceremonial, the decorations, trophies, and dais being illuminated by the electric light. When the two parties met at the frontier line, Mr. H. C. Raikes, M.P., chairman of the company, made a short speech; after which the cord marking the boundary between Lancashire and Cheshire was removed, and the two Mayors cordially shook hands.

Major Isaac subsequently said that the Mersey Tunnel would be the Suez Canal between Liverpool and Birkenhead, which have hitherto been divided by a wide estuary, and that it would greatly benefit the mineral traffic and agriculture of North Wales. Powers for making the tunnel were obtained as long ago as 1866, but nothing practical was done until the matter was taken up in 1879 by Major Isaac. Much of the work was executed by Colonel Beaumont's boring machine. From shaft to shaft, the length of the tunnel beneath the Mersey is about a mile.

THE OSTRICH-FARMING MANIA

OSTRICH-FARMING is still carried on to a great extent in South Africa, but the sudden deterioration of the value of the birds a couple of years ago caused a great depression throughout the colony. The domestication of the ostrich dates back to about 1865, but it was only in 1880 and 1882 that the rage for ostrich-farming reached its height. Then, both in town and country, whoever could, purchased birds and farmed them. The result of this was

that young colonists neglected their sheep and other farming pursuits, and invested not only all their capital, but entangled themselves in promissory notes and bills. Owing to the unlimited extent to which all classes of the people entered into the new speculation, the value of birds suddenly fell, and nothing but insolvencies resulted, and the disastrous effects are still apparent.

On the other hand, farmers who had their own farms, and who could therefore with little expense make camps, catch wild (young) birds, or purchase good breeding birds, made fortunes; but most of the new beginners who had to hire ground, construct costly camps, feed the birds on grain, and purchase under heavy rates of interest, failed utterly. The fabulous prices given for birds proves the extent to which the ostrich mania had reached—5/ for an egg unhatched; 6/ to 6/ 10s. for a chick was a common price!

The Cape Parliament in the Session just closed have placed a duty (export) of 5/ on every egg, and 100/ on a bird, exported from the Cape.

The ostrich feather market is by no means a small item, when each homeward-bound mail steamer takes a quantity of feathers to the value of 35,000/.

It is to be hoped that the industry will look up again. Many birds have been exported to America and Australia within the last three years.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. C. Blandell, Victoria West, South Africa.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION

"No. 10 Transport Company," writes Captain S. G. Grant, of the Commissariat and Transport Department, to whom we are indebted for these sketches, "has just been sent up to this place, the terminus of the railway, within three miles of Hopetown. We are encamped on a sandy, dusty plain, and, as a strong hot wind blows nearly all day long, our sufferings from heat and dust are fearful. Everything is covered with dust, which sweeps over the ground in blinding clouds. But, thank goodness, we are off to the other side of the Orange River to-morrow, whither the Royal Engineers have gone before to encamp. The crossing is difficult, owing to the river being very low and the banks steep. The men had to lay hold of a rope to keep the waggon from running down too fast. Then the raft stuck, and the men were taken off in a boat, whilst the waggons made the best of their way by wading through the water, to which the mules are apparently well accustomed. General Sir C. Warren superintended the whole time, and even lent a hand at hauling the waggons up. Transport will be no joke in this country; it is very hard to obtain, and most expensive."

In a subsequent letter Captain Grant says:—"Since last I wrote we have changed our quarters from Orange River Terminus to this place, Langford Camp. It is certainly a change for the better, as we get out of a great deal of the dust with which we were pestered before. Langford has been settled on as the Remount Depot, and horses and men are coming in daily, so that the camp presents quite a lively appearance. The sketches I send represent what occurred on our march out, and what we found when we got here."

MESSRS. VOKINS are exhibiting, in their gallery in Great Portland Street, a series of twelve monochrome water-colour drawings by Mr. Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., illustrating scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*. They are conceived in an original spirit, and several of them show great power of dramatic realisation. The animated conflict of the opposing factions in the first act and "The Death of Tybalt" are among the best, the compositions in both being excellent, the figures finely designed, vigorous, and expressive in their movements. "The Ball Scene," "Juliet and Nurse," and "Friar Lawrence's Cell" are perhaps the best of the other drawings; but they are all highly finished, and bear evidence of thought and careful study. An especially noteworthy feature of them is the fine draughtsmanship and complete modelling of the hands. Mr. Dicksee might, however, have advantageously endowed his male figures with more distinct individuality. Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, and Tybalt resemble each other so strongly that the identity of each is not always obvious. The catalogue wants revision. The parting of Romeo and Juliet in the fourth act is absurdly called "The Balcony Scene," and some of the dying words of Mercutio are appended to the drawing called "The Death of Tybalt." This we believe to be intended for the death of Mercutio; but, for the reason stated, we cannot definitely determine the point. Together with the original drawings, reproductions of them in *photogravure* are shown.

TWO PICTURES by Mr. Edwin Long, illustrating the story of Zeuxis in Crotona, as told by Cicero in "De Inventione," are now exhibited at 168, New Bond Street. They are entitled "The Search for Beauty" and "The Chosen Five." In the former the artist of Heraclea is critically contemplating the maidens of Crotona, with a view of selecting the most beautiful to serve as models for the picture of Helen that he painted for the Temple of Juno Lacinia. The second picture shows him drawing from one of the chosen maidens, while the others recline in various graceful attitudes of repose. Like all Mr. Long's recent works, these are marked by suavity rather than strength of style. As regards composition, the second picture is the better of the two; but in both the female figures, though they do not approach very nearly to ideal perfection of form, are finely proportioned and graceful in movement. The draperies, however, are undefined in form, and look as if there were no solid structure beneath. The local tints are well arranged, but of the quality of colour it is not easy to form an opinion, as the pictures are shown by gaslight. Mr. Long's large "Anno Domini" remains on view in the same gallery.

ART IN PARIS has rarely been more active than at present, and fresh exhibitions open nearly every week. Thus the Female Painters and Sculptors now appeal to the public, their special attractions being works by Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and a display of the works of a clever young Russian artist who has just died, Mdlle. Marie Bashkireff. The works of another young painter, lately deceased, Madame Eva Gonzales, have also been exhibited, and were sold last week, the State buying two tiny pictures for the Luxembourg—"La Nichee" and "L'Entrée du Jardin." Then to-morrow (Sunday) opens the Exhibition of Eugène Delacroix's works, lent by collectors and by provincial museums, and a "Black and White" Exhibition follows in another fortnight. Whispers of the pictures for the next Salon are already afloat, particularly respecting M. Henri Gervex's huge canvas of a sitting of the Salon jury, including capital portraits of the most prominent French artists.

THE TWO BLENHEIM PICTURES which the Duke of Marlborough has agreed to sell to the National Gallery will cost the nation 87,500/—i.e., 70,000/ for the Ansieci Raphael and 17,500/ for Vandyck's Charles I. Parliament will shortly be asked to vote the necessary funds.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS was opened on Sunday afternoon to members of the Sunday Society and their friends, when 410 persons visited the collection. Speaking of Sunday opening of Museums, the proposal on this subject, shortly to be laid before Parliament, will differ considerably from former resolutions. Permission will be asked simply for the Natural History Museum at South Kensington to be open to the public on Sunday afternoon, instead, as hitherto, of urging the general opening of the national collections. The question has now been raised in Bombay, where the Municipal Corporation want to open the Victoria and Albert Museum on Sundays, chiefly for the benefit of natives.



THE QUEEN'S LAST BOOK is now being translated into Spanish.

LADY JOCKEYS are the latest novelty in Indian races. At a recent meeting at Akyab, British Burmah, lady owners contested two pony races—a flat and a hurdle race.

"WORTH HER WEIGHT IN GOLD" is no longer a mere saying in Boston, U.S.A. A loving husband has bequeathed to his widow an annuity of her exact weight in gold, and as the good lady is decidedly stout, the legacy will probably amount to something handsome.

MINIATURE SEDAN CHAIRS, filled with real flowers, are the favourite decorations for Paris dinner tables this spring. They are strictly copied from the antique *chaise-à-porteurs*, and the most *chic* are covered with dark blue velvet, ornamented in one corner by three gold *fleurs-de-lys*.

DUELING IN GERMANY shows no decrease, notwithstanding the outcry against the custom, and moreover is now practised on the most trivial plea. Two officers fought last week in Cologne, simply because one of the combatants, when leaving a *café*, had taken up a wrong cap by mistake. Twenty-seven shots were exchanged, and one of the duellists was killed.

LONDON SHOPKEEPERS who disapprove of early closing must beware of the fate of their Australian brethren. A drapery firm in Newcastle, New South Wales, recently refused to grant a weekly half-holiday, so their premises were completely boycotted. Members of the local Early Closing Association and assistants from neighbouring shops surrounded the house and effectually kept off customers.

UMBRELLAS AS MILITARY EQUIPMENT seem rather out of place, yet some quaint and useful sunshades are being made at the Japanese Village for the use of our soldiers in the Soudan. The umbrellas are, in fact, light awnings, made with bamboo frames and covered with green paper, and the two ends are to be fixed by a small arched piece of bamboo on the soldier's shoulders. The weight will be scarcely felt, while the hands are free for use, and it is hoped that the head will be effectually protected from sunstroke.

THE GERMAN COLONIAL FEVER was amusingly satirised last week at Mayence during the Carnival. One of the chief cars carried a group of African kings drinking "Cognac," and dancing to a violin played by Prince Bismarck. Another car was a hit at the local newspapers—"the Press and its Sources"—a big cardboard rock, from which flowed "streams of information" most resorted to by the Mayence journals—tiny rivulets, labelled *The Times*, *Cologne Gazette*, *Independant de Belge*, &c., into which the editors of the local press were dipping wooden buckets.

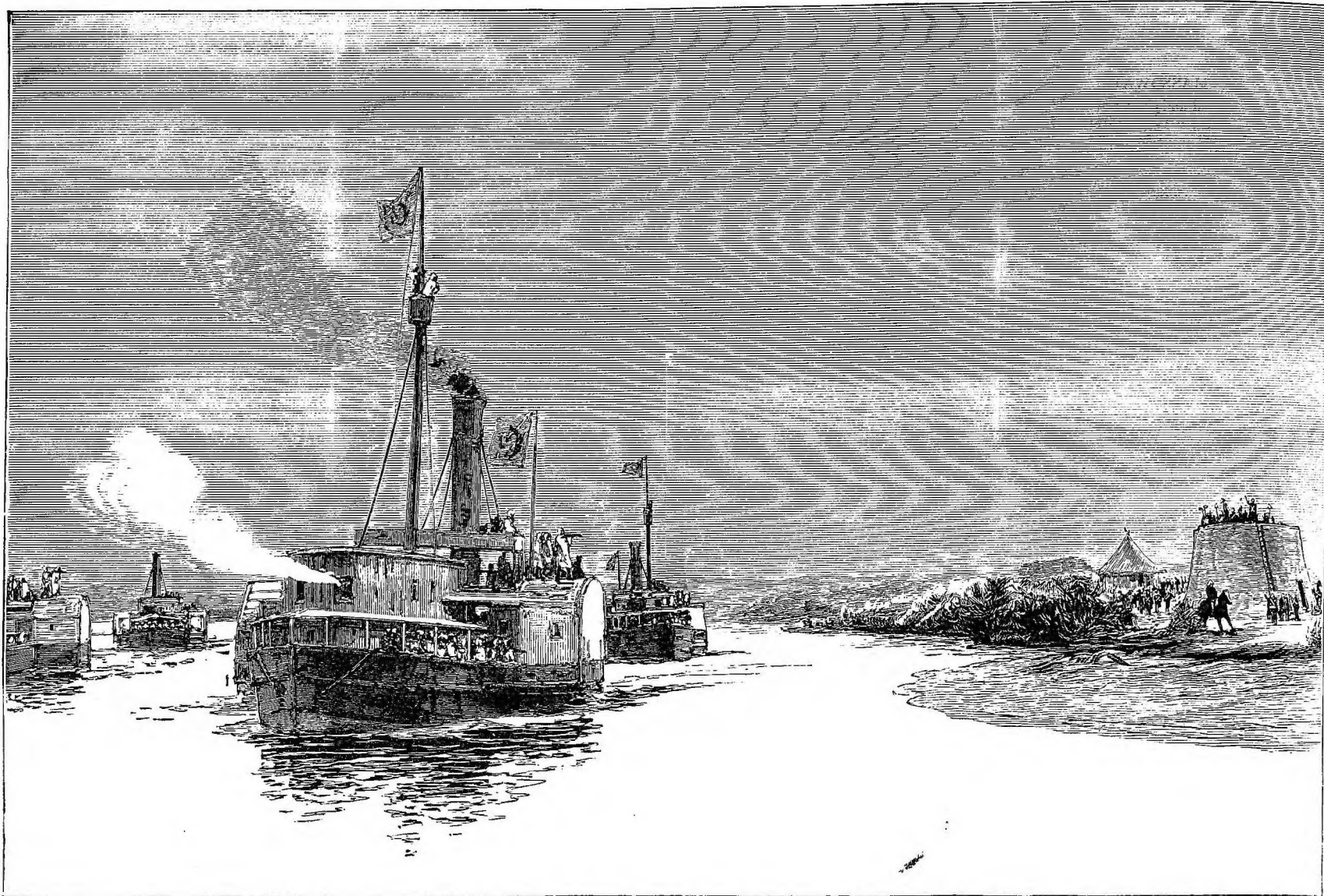
THE PROPOSED INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON IN 1885 has been warmly taken up by the Colonies, particularly by South Africa, which proposes to spend 15,000/ if needed to make an adequate display. The Australian Colonies offer to give from 3,000/ to 5,000/ a-piece. Meanwhile Mr. Purdon Clark, the Keeper of the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum, has specially gone to Bombay to arrange that Indian handicrafts shall be largely represented. Native artisans will be brought over to work at their several trades during the Exhibition.

THE MAHDI'S FORCES are mainly organised on the system of the early Caliphs, we learn from an Arabic journal. Each company consists of ten "brotherhoods"—i.e., a band of ten men under the command of some senior in age, or of a private who has distinguished himself. Ten companies form a regiment, commanded by an emir and his lieutenants, every company flying its own linen flag with the Mahdi's device of two crossed swords, while each regimental flag differs in colour. Promotion goes by gallantry, and thus any brave private may in time become an emir. When the False Prophet leads in person, he is escorted by a staff of ten emirs, ten aide-de-camps, and four mounted standard-bearers (*bairakdars*).

THE SUCCESS OF THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, lately closed, speaks well for the appreciation of Art in the provinces. The receipts and sales of pictures were the largest known since these Annual Exhibitions were established fourteen years since, and it is especially noticeable that not only do the public at the present time exercise far better judgment in their choice than formerly, but that the moderate-priced pictures sold most readily, showing that people with small incomes were the most numerous purchasers. During the eighty-four days of the Exhibition 105,774 persons were admitted, besides 10,000 pupils from various schools, who entered free, while 2,280 pictures were hung out of the 4,847 works sent in, and 291 of these were sold.

A MOST INTERESTING EAST LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION is being planned, to be opened in May or June in Whitechapel at the Drill Hall of the Tower Hamlets Volunteers. The special feature will be the handiwork of East-enders,—dock labourers, sailors, railway men, firemen, postmen, ballet-girls, and so forth, together with that of the blind, and prizes will be given in order to stimulate local industry. Thus rewards will be offered to women for the best made clothing, to girls for mending and general needlework, to boys for mending windows and repairing garments, to men for manufacturing furniture, picture-frames, &c., to choirs and bands, and to the owners of the best kept cats and donkeys. There will also be a loan collection of curiosities, and various lectures and musical entertainments. In these times of industrial depression such efforts to help the working-classes to help themselves seem specially useful, and the public are thus asked to aid both by lending objects of interest, and by subscriptions towards the prizes and other expenses. Contributions to be sent to the Director and Secretary, A. C. A. McLeglen, 505, Commercial Road, E. The Princess Louise and Lord Lorne and Lord Shaftesbury are among the patrons of the scheme.

LONDON MORTALITY again slightly decreased, and 1,497 deaths were registered against 1,525, a decline of 28, being 429 below the average, and at the rate of 19.1 per 1,000. There were 32 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 2, but exceeding the average by 7), 31 from measles (a rise of 3), 14 from scarlet fever (a fall of 3), 14 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 43 from whooping-cough (a decline of 7), 13 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 5), and not one from either typhus or cholera. The patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals at the end of last week numbered 1,141, against 1,223 the previous Saturday. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 343, a decline of 40, and 220 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 70 deaths; 63 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, 11 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 4 from poison, and 19 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,526 births registered, against 2,913 the previous week, being 302 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 40 deg., and 0.9 deg. above the average. Rain fell on the first three days. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 10.5 hours, against 20.1 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



ARRIVAL OF GORDON'S STEAMERS NEAR METEMNEH FROM KHARTOUM, JAN. 21

"Such ringing cheers our men gave when they saw their Khartoum allies landing, and the Khartoum men returned the greeting with interest. . . . The touch between the advancing British force and General Gordon has thus taken place precisely as expected, the gallant Gordon sending down his steamers and lending a helping hand at the very point where most needed."—*Daily Chronicle*.

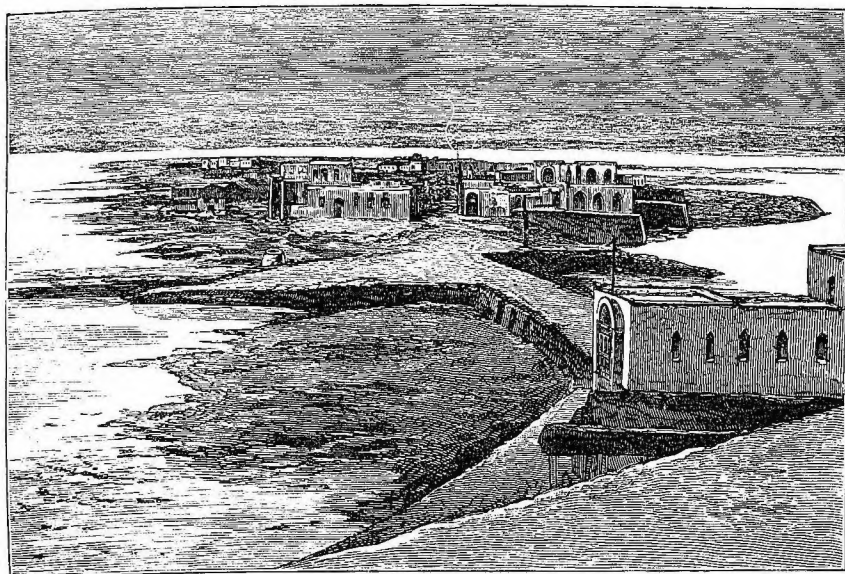


BURIAL OF THE LATE MR. J. A. CAMERON, OF THE "STANDARD," BY HIS FELLOW-CORRESPONDENTS

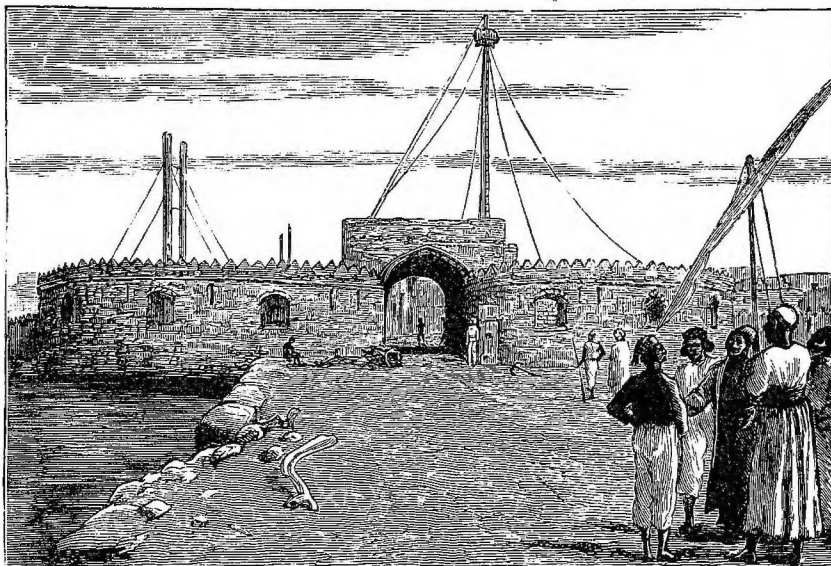
"Before marching, Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. F. Villiers, of *The Graphic*, Colonel Barrow, of the Hussars, and Lord Charles Beresford, who had gallantly conducted the defence of the zereba, together with myself, Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, Mr. H. H. S. Pearse, of the *Daily News*, and Mr. Charles Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, bore sadly to the grave the body of our lamented colleague, Mr. Cameron. His grave was dug alongside those of two officers and Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*. Lord Charles Beresford read the Burial Service, which the circumstances rendered most impressive."—*The Standard*.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



VIEW OF TAWALOOT IN MASSOWAH

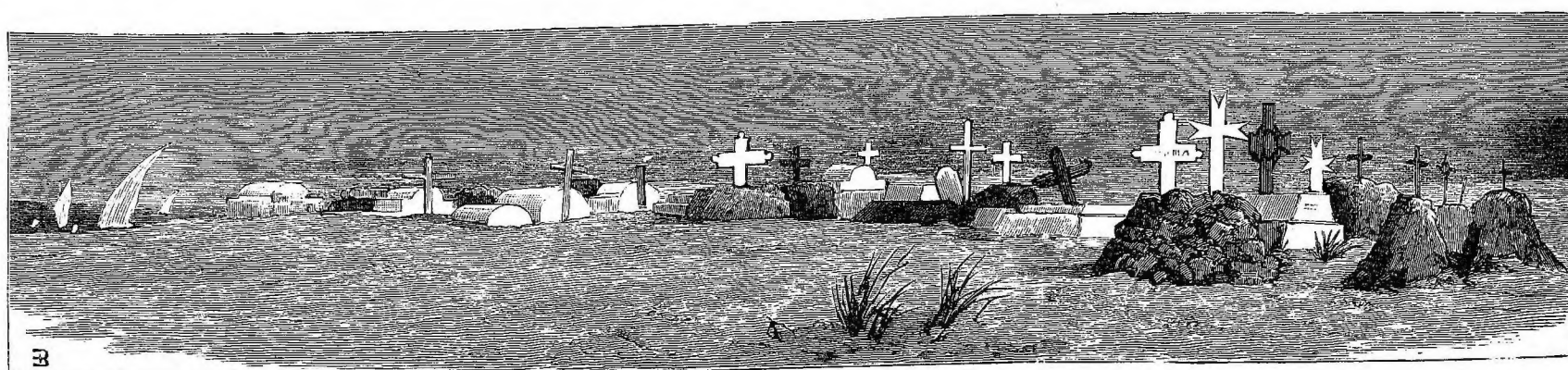


THE TOWN GATE OF MASSOWAH

THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF MASSOWAH RED SEA



PRISONERS IN THE MAHDI'S UNIFORM TAKEN AT ABU KLEA
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT SUAKIM
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN



THE IRISH NEWSPAPERS of most shades of opinion are represented as uniting to promise a cordial welcome to the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their contemplated visit to Ireland. The Nationalist organs, however, seemingly assume as a condition of the welcome that the Royal visit shall be understood to possess no political significance.

THERE HAS, OF COURSE, been an efflorescence of proposals and suggestions for a National Memorial to the heroic Gordon. The Lord Mayor has taken the initiative in promoting a practical movement for that object. To promote it and carry it out through a Mansion House Fund there has been formed, under his auspices, a very influential Committee, which is headed by the Prince of Wales, and of the comprehensive character of which it is enough to say that it includes Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Rev. Dr. Allon.

WITH THE DEPARTURE ON SATURDAY of the second battalion of Scots Guards, amid enthusiastic valedictions, and after being inspected and addressed at the Wellington Barracks by the Prince of Wales, culminated the most interesting of the proceedings in connection with the despatch of General Sir Gerald Graham's expeditionary force. A small further contingent of Royal Engineers and Artillery has since been ordered from Aldershot to Suakim, and on Tuesday the Hospital and Bearer Companies of the Medical Staff Corps from Aldershot embarked at Woolwich for Suakim. On the same day the first batch, 150 picked men, of the navvies to be employed in the construction of the Suakim-Berber Railway went on board the *Osprey* in the East India Docks.

MUCH INDIGNATION WAS EXCITED by the announcement that the children of the married soldiers of the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, which left the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, on Thursday, to proceed to the seat of war, had been turned out of their quarters on the subsequent morning. An explanatory letter from Colonel Davies, commanding the Grenadier Guards, has somewhat modified the original impression, but there still seems to have been room for a more considerate treatment of those nearest and dearest to the men just embarking for trying and dangerous service in the Soudan. Prompt action has been taken by the Trustees of the Egyptian War Fund, who have ordered the immediate payment of 1*l.* each to the wives of all soldiers who have since the 1st inst. left England for Egypt.

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.—The three battalions of the Guards which embarked last week took out with them complete outfits of ambulance material, supplied by the Association at the expense of Lady Brassey, for lectures on "First Aid to the Sick and Wounded," which will be delivered by the medical officers during the voyage. Classes for Blue-jackets have been arranged on H.M.S. *Minotaur*, the flagship of the Channel Squadron, and at Moate, County Westmeath, for men of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

PRESIDING AT A REPRESENTATIVE MEETING of Conservative Members of Parliament, held at the Carlton Club, on Tuesday, Lord Salisbury intimated that he and his friends were ready to assume, if necessary, the responsibilities of office. A speech from Sir Stafford Northcote was followed by one from Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, member for West Norfolk, complaining both of the terms of Sir Stafford Northcote's motion for a vote of censure and of the speech in which the mover had introduced it. Mr. Tyssen-Amherst's comments and criticisms seem to have fanned into a flame the dissatisfaction with Sir Stafford Northcote as their leader in the House of Commons which has long been smouldering in the Conservative ranks. Several other Conservative members of the Lower House are represented as having expressed themselves in much the same sense, among them Lord Henry Lennox, Mr. Selater-Booth, Mr. Cecil Raikes, and Lord Elcho.

ON WEDNESDAY there was a great overflow of oratory, the Patriotic Association, under the presidency of General Gordon, and meeting to do honour to the memory of General Gordon, and to denounce the policy of the Government, while Mr. Goschen and Mr. W. E. Forster spoke at the annual dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and the National Liberal Club, giving a banquet to Lord Ripon, listened to speeches from the Home Secretary and Sir Charles Dilke among other Cabinet Ministers, from Mr. Bright among the other guests, and of course from the guest of the evening. In all this speech-making the chief contribution made to the enlightenment of the community lay perhaps in the statistical contrast drawn by Mr. Forster between the slight increase in our trade with foreign countries, and the great relative growth of that with our colonies and dependencies.

MR. GOSCHEN went to Edinburgh as a possible candidate for the North-eastern Division of that city, to be created by the Redistribution Bill, which adds a new seat to its former two. His Edinburgh speeches have given such satisfaction that 2,500 of the 6,900 electors of the division have already signed a requisition asking him to stand. This is said to be a clear majority of the Liberal electors in his favour, and he will doubtless, if he elects to stand, receive much Conservative support in the probable absence of a distinctively Conservative candidate.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE NEW PRACTICE which some English newspapers have borrowed from the Press of the United States, it might have been expected that the operation of "interviewing" would have been performed on M. Lessar, one of the Russo-Afghan Delimitation Commissioners, whose mission to this country has been productive of so much comment. M. Lessar has availed himself of another and more original mode of indirectly communicating with the English public. At the beginning of the week he and M. Kropensky, Secretary of the Russian Embassy, attended and addressed a meeting of the Westminster Debating Society, at which the Russo-Afghan question was discussed in the presence of other notable visitors. M. Lessar speaking in French, and M. Kropensky in English, declared emphatically that Russia had no intention of invading or encroaching on Afghan territory, and of either occupying or approaching nearer to Herat. All that she wanted was a frontier between her territories and Afghanistan. M. Lessar said that he had not been made cognisant of the execution of the much-talked-of march of the Russians on Penjdeh, and that his Government were quite ready to regard Afghanistan as an integral portion of the British Empire in India.

AT THE WINTER MEETING of the National Rifle Association, the Duke of Cambridge announced that four of the Australian colonies had decided on sending a "united team" to compete at Wimbledon for the Kolapore Cup and the Queen's prize. His Royal Highness also intimated that an Indian team of fifteen volunteers would probably also visit Wimbledon to compete for the prizes.

THE LORD MAYOR intimates that at a private conference, held at his residence last week, it was decided to form a committee to inquire into the causes of and remedies for permanent distress in the metropolis. It was further agreed that, instead of forming a special fund for the relief of the existing distress, the charitable should be

recommended to strengthen such existing agencies as the Society for the Relief of Distress, 28, King Street, St. James's Square, and the Metropolitan Visiting Relief Association, 46A, Pall Mall, S.W. Mention was also made of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, of which Colonel Alston, 86, St. George's Road, S.W., is secretary.

SEVERAL PARTS OF THE KINGDOM were visited on Saturday and Sunday by a terrific gale, accompanied in some instances by heavy snowfalls. In the west and north of Scotland railway trains were snowed up for longer or shorter periods. A passenger train from Inverness to Thurso was embedded in the snow from Saturday afternoon till Sunday at noon. One of the most serious of many casualties to shipping happened to an Austrian barque, which was driven ashore on the Waterford coast, with the loss of the crew of fifteen.

NEWS has been received of the safety of the transport *Poonah*, which arrived last week at Queenstown from Alexandria with about 500 troops on board, and her main shaft much injured. On her way from Queenstown to Portsmouth, towed by a tug, she was overtaken on Saturday morning in a fearful storm off the Land's End by a Government tug, but the hawsers of both tugs snapping, the *Poonah* was left alone, and, setting all available sail, made for the Irish coast. Nothing having been heard of her it was feared that she was lost. With the aid, however, of a Liverpool steamer and of two tugs despatched from Queenstown, she eventually got into Queenstown Harbour on Wednesday evening.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of Mrs. Lowell, wife of the American Minister, much regretted by her many English friends; of Mrs. Milner Gibson, widow of the colleague of Messrs. Cobden and Bright in the Anti-Corn Law Agitation, and for some time President of the Board of Trade, in her seventy-fourth year; in his forty-fifth year, of Mr. T. McGeorge, for twenty-three years starter to the Jockey Club; in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. F. J. Smith, Recorder of Margate; and of Mr. John Jackson, the veteran guide of Rothwaite, Borrowdale, Cumberland. For forty-five years he has been the chief guide of the Borrowdale and Wastdale districts, and his knowledge of the mountains was unsurpassed. Mr. Jackson died very suddenly on the 17th inst., in his seventieth year.



OSTENSIBLY the principal business upon which the House of Commons has been engaged since the Session was resumed is the Vote of Censure. Actually, the event which has attracted the fullest measure of public attention is the application of the Closure, which took place on Tuesday night after a succession of violent scenes. As frequently happens in Parliamentary history, the uproar suddenly burst forth out of proceedings in themselves eminently dull. The Vote of Censure debate opened on Monday, taking precedence by favour of a special order of the House, which postponed the Orders of the day till the question had been discussed. By what fatality or fatuity the Prime Minister, in submitting this resolution on Monday night, did not make it extend to the full course of the debate on the Vote of Censure has not yet been explained. There is no standing order which would have prevented his so framing his motion that there would have been no necessity to renew it with special reference to Tuesday night, and those which succeeded. This simple device was neglected, and it accordingly became necessary on Tuesday to move that notices of motion be postponed till after the Order of the day for the debate on the Vote of Censure.

This gave an opening for obstruction which the Irish members were not slow to avail themselves of. That the attempt was deliberately planned is evident. After Mr. Gladstone's motion of Monday had been carried, Mr. Redmond, perceiving that it did not apply to Tuesday, placed upon the notice paper a motion with respect to Inspector Murphy of the Irish Constabulary. He had full choice of place on the Order Book, for, as every one knew it was intended to take Tuesday night for the Vote of Censure, no private member had been at the useless trouble of filling the notice paper. Having thus established a *locus standi*, Mr. Redmond presented himself when on Tuesday night the motion to take precedence was submitted, and declared that this was another attempt on the part of a tyrannical Government and a hostile House of Commons to suppress Irish rights in Parliament.

Mr. Redmond was at one time a paid servant of the House of Commons, and more especially under the direction of the Speaker. He seems now to take the delight, possible to some natures, of openly and continuously insulting those with whom a strange stroke of fortune has placed him on a footing of nominal equality. Very early in his speech he sinned against the rule which limits the debate on a motion such as the Premier's. The Speaker promptly called him to order, an interference which Mr. Redmond insolently acknowledged with mock deference meant to be exceedingly cutting. The Speaker took no notice, till presently he again strayed out of the paths of order, when he gravely recalled him, and again a third time. Mr. Redmond knows that the Speaker is not to be trifled with, and, having now exhausted his opportunities of safely outraging order, he resumed his seat. It was openly boasted by the Parnellites that Mr. Goschen, who was to have resumed the debate on the Vote of Censure in the favourable hour immediately following the conclusion of questions, should not be allowed to speak till ten minutes to eight, that being the full dinner hour, when the benches would be empty. Mr. Redmond being shut up, there were plenty to follow, and they came in dull procession, only Mr. Redmond junior succeeding in varying the monotony of verbosity. This fantastic youth, being called to order by the Speaker for irrelevant discussion of Dublin Castle, pertinently answered, "I am glad to hear, Mr. Speaker, that the question of Dublin Castle is irrelevant." Up rose the Speaker, not hurriedly, but with a promptness that distinguishes him at crises. "I must ask the hon. member to discontinue his speech," he sternly said, whereupon, the courage of this Parliamentary Bob Acres coining out at his fingers' end, he humbly retired, and was seen and heard no more till the uproar recommencing he might safely bellow at the Speaker and howl at Mr. Gladstone.

About this time, it occurring to the orderly mind of Mr. Arthur O'Connor that there was no amendment before the House, he moved one to the effect that Mr. Redmond's motion be excepted from the rule proposed by the Prime Minister—that is to say, that the case of Inspector Murphy should be argued forthwith—and if there were any time left towards midnight, then Mr. Goschen might make his speech on the Vote of Censure. One effect of this was to afford an opportunity to the Parnellites who had already spoken to begin afresh. Hitherto they had been speaking to the Premier's resolution. Now they might address themselves to Mr. Arthur O'Connor's amendment. Two of them rising with that intention, the Speaker felt that the hour had come. He rose and said, "It is my duty to inform the House that I consider this subject has been adequately discussed, and that it is the evident sense of the House that the question shall now be put."

Here was the Closure at last, a powerful instrument, forged with infinite care and trouble, and permitted through two years and a half to lie useless in the armoury. Every one was taken by surprise, the brief silence being broken by a howl of rage and despair by the

Parnellites. Mr. Gladstone was plainly taken aback. He knew that, as Leader of the House, the next move was with him. But what was he to do? He seized the copy of the Standing Orders which lay on the table, and hurriedly ran through the pages in search of instructions. Meanwhile the Parnellites lashed themselves into wilder paroxysms. Mr. O'Brien, half rising, hissed through clenched teeth, "We will remember this in Ireland!" The Speaker rose, but no one paid him attention. Through the uproar his voice was heard exclaiming, "Mr. O'Brien, I name you as disregarding the authority of the chair." "Ah, ah!" "Oh, oh!" yelled the Parnellites. "Name away! name away!"

Mr. Gladstone was still hunting after the Standing Order relating to the Closure when he found himself faced by a fresh task. But he had had sufficient practice in the matter of naming a member, and quite promptly came to the table to move that Mr. O'Brien be suspended from the service of the House. His appearance was hailed by a fresh outburst of yelling and howling. The Speaker rose to put the question, and was faced by Mr. Sexton, who jumped up from the midst of the seething mass below the gangway. "I rise to order," Mr. Sexton roared, with hand to mouth. "There is no debate on this question," answered the Speaker. "Point of order, point of order!" yelled the Parnellites, throwing themselves about the benches as if possessed by the devil. After an interval, the uproar always continuing, Mr. Sexton submitted his point of order, which was that the Speaker had not named Mr. O'Brien with the full formula. The Speaker declared he had, and proceeded to put the question—"That Mr. O'Brien be suspended." A division was challenged, and the motion was carried by 244 votes against 20. O'Brien had boldly voted for himself, and returned to the House to hear the result of the division. "The Member for Mallow will now withdraw," said the Speaker. "Certainly, Mr. Speaker," replied the Member for Mallow, "with far more pleasure than ever I entered the House," at which retort courteous the Parnellites nearly died of laughter.

It might have been thought that this was sufficient for a single sitting. But more and stronger scenes were to follow. Mr. Gladstone reverting to the earlier and more important action of the Speaker now moved the Closure Resolution, "That the question be now put." The Speaker unaccountably put the question the Mr. O'Connor's amendment to the resolution giving precedence to the debate on the Vote of Censure should become the substantive motion. Hereupon disorder broke out afresh in the Irish camp. There was evidently a conspiracy against Irish liberty which must be grappled with. But the House had already been cleared for a division. The bells were clanging through all the passages, and members were trooping in. At such a juncture no one may address the Speaker except remaining seated with his hat on. At this disadvantage half a dozen Irish members began to shout at the Speaker. But as they had been doing that for the last twenty minutes no particular notice was taken of them. Mr. Gorst executed a strategic movement on to the Front Opposition Bench, where, remaining seated and wearing his hat, he called Mr. Speaker's attention to the error. Finding no chance of being heard from below the gangway Mr. Parnell imitated Mr. Gorst's tactics, got down to the Front Opposition Bench, and supported Mr. Gorst's objection. Eventually the question was put in due form, and the House divided on the Closure Resolution.

The result was safe enough if the Parnellites were left to themselves. If they could not muster forty, it would require only a hundred to carry the motion; but with over forty there must be 200 on the other side. Everything rested with the Conservatives, and there was much anxiety as to which way they would go. In the end it was found that they went all ways. Some voted with the Parnellites in affront to the Speaker's last stand for order and authority; more walked out of the House, and a few voted in support of the Speaker. The motion was thus carried by the bare majority of 207 against 46. After two more divisions, being all the Parnellites could possibly extract from the situation, the scene closed, and at a few minutes to eight, the time originally fixed by the Parnellites, the debate on the Vote of Censure was resumed. It was taken up again on Thursday, and is to be continued and concluded on Friday.



MR. ALBERY'S version of *Les Fourchambault*, originally produced at the HAYMARKET, in 1878, with the title of *The Crisis*, is a curious example of a dexterous feat in adaptation achieved rather by evading than grappling with the difficulties of the undertaking. Mr. Augier's play is nothing if not serious in its objects. It was designed to rebuke a harsh world for its judgments upon erring women; to expose the evils of match-making; to satirise extravagance and pride of wealth; and to show the beauty of patient self-sacrifice in contrast with heartless flippancy and malevolent censoriousness. Unfortunately, in all this the French dramatist so strains his sentiment, and so greatly exaggerates the force of the motives by which his personages are supposed to be influenced, that nothing but the artificial atmosphere of the French theatre could suffice to render his story tolerable. Mr. Albery wisely judged that the case was not rather for a flanking movement than for a direct attack. Accordingly he has much reduced the prominence, though he could not, of course, wholly suppress the significance, of these objectionable features; and has introduced into the dialogue an abundance of lively touches which, though wholly out of keeping with the didactic tone of the original, and for the most part irrelevant to the situations in which they are heard, make the spectators, as Mr. Albery says, "laugh comically," and so leave them little time to dwell upon the super-sentimentalisms which, in spite of careful handling, necessarily reveal themselves here and there. *Crisis*, now called *The Denhams*, was revived at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday evening with a success which is largely and sincerely the triumph of the adaptor and the actors. A serious and sincere piece of dramatic work it certainly is not; but it is eminently diverting. Mrs. John Wood (the only member of the original cast taking part in the performance) not only affords perpetual amusement by her feminine logic, her fertile plots for extravagance, her egotistical views of life, and her determination to be the directing spirit of the Denham household, but is able to give to this conception a completeness and a touch of truth rarely found in a creation so closely bordering on farce. A manly, indeed, for the sentimental subtleties he is made at times to utter a too manly—John Goring, in the person of Mr. John Clayton, and a heroine who, if her gaiety is not very buoyant or spontaneous, is still very pleasing, and at times genuinely pathetic, in the person of Miss Marion Terry, contribute much to the success of the revival. For Mr. Arthur Cecil's convenience the adaptor has invented a minor character, called in the bill "the Reverend Lord William Whitehead," a queer compound of aristocratic pride, worldly selfishness, and effusive piety. Though artistically portrayed and amusing enough, Lord William belongs rather to the stage than to the world. It would be difficult to conceive a more tender, earnest, and touching performance in the part of the suffering and self-sacrificing mother than that of Miss Lydia Foote. Other parts are sustained by Mr. Conway, Miss Norreys, and Mr. Edward Price.

Shakespeare at the LYCEUM has given way to Sheridan Knowles, whose now somewhat faded play of *The Hunchback* was revived here on Tuesday evening. There is a class of books, at once cherished and neglected, which, as Lamb tells us, "no gentleman's library ought to be without." In like manner there seem to be parts which, however much they may have lost their attraction, have a sort of standard reputation, inasmuch as "leading ladies" would deem it a reproach if these parts did not find a place in their repertory. Julia, in *The Hunchback*, is one of these. Miss Mary Anderson has played the part, we believe, from time to time in her native country since the earliest days of her very early apprenticeship to the stage. She is at home in all its familiar contrasts of light and shade; has studied its love-making scenes till the force of prettiness can no further go; and has elaborated its passages of mental distress with less success perhaps, but certainly with not less painstaking care. The result is an impersonation which no one can see without pleasure, yet which few, we fancy, would care to see twice. The truth is that Julia's sorrows, set forth in blank verse closely modelled upon Massinger, do not now-a-days strike one as very real; and the rather naïf development of the story of the dreadful "tiff" between Sir Thomas Clifford and the ward of Master Walter has come to seem something like a storm in the tea-cup. No doubt it is over-much familiarity which has in great part bred this partial contempt. It may be that, if Miss Minnie This and Miss Gladys That had not so often taken theatres for the display of their inefficiency in the part of Julia at *matinée* performances, the spectators at the Lyceum might have borne with composure Julia's exclamation, "He can't be happy—doesn't look it." On Tuesday evening, when these words were uttered, they rather rudely burst into laughter at Mr. Terriss, but the ease was certainly aggravated by Sir Thomas's, or rather now plain Master Clifford's, curiously unbending attitude in the not very becoming suit of mouse coloured velvet with black braid trimming, which this actor had donned in token of Clifford's reduced circumstances. It is fair to say that in earlier scenes Mr. Terriss, with "all his bravery on and tackle trim," cuts a very different figure; and, what is more important, acts with due fervour and grace of bearing. Mr. Arthur Stirling's Hunchback is a forcible, picturesque, and touching piece of acting, well balanced throughout, and exhaustive as a study of the capabilities of the character. It belongs not to the new school which bids the serious actor to lounge through rather than to act his part, but is certainly none the worse for that, or for the careful cultivation of the well-nigh lost art of elocution which it displays. The humours of Helen and Modus proved to retain their power to amuse, though it costs Miss Bella Pateman a visible effort to enliven her rather serious style, and Mr. Standing is a trifle too subdued as the pedant lover. Mr. Irish's Fathom is boldly coloured, and rich in humorous characteristics. Altogether the play is well acted; and it is put upon the stage with a magnificence of scenic decoration which a few years ago would have made this revival the talk of the town.

The chief dramatic event of the present week, namely, the production of the late Lord Lytton's classical play, *Junius*; or, *the Household Gods*, at the PRINCESS's on Thursday evening, comes unfortunately too late in the week for notice in our present issue.

The recent alarm of fire at the HAYMARKET Theatre should rather reassure than frighten the timid playgoer. The truth is that stage canvas is always so heavily charged with what the painters call "priming" that it does not easily ignite, or, when it does, rather smoulders than burns. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's appearance before the footlights with smiling countenances required little heroism, for the wet blanket kept constantly at hand is known to be sufficient at any time to remedy a mishap of this sort. The readiness and tact of these popular persons was, however, not the less praiseworthy.

During the week in Lent in which Miss Mary Anderson habitually abstains from performing, Madame Modjeska will appear at the LYCEUM as Adrienne Lecouvreur, the part in which this distinguished actress made her first appearance on the London stage.

Miss Helen Barry, who since her marriage to Mr. Bolam has retired from the stage, made her appearance in the character of Lady Gay Spanker in Mr. Boucicault's *London Assurance* at the Gaiety on Thursday afternoon. On the same day a *matinée* performance of Mr. Joseph Mackay's *Peggy*, in which Miss Kate Lawler sustained her original part, was given at the VAUDEVILLE.

The annual performance of the Royal General Theatrical Fund will take place this year on the 26th of March, at DRURY LANE Theatre. A very extensive and varied list of entertainments is preparing for the occasion.

The latest revival of *Our Boys* has at last come to a close at the STRAND Theatre, where Mr. David James on Saturday evening played Middlewick for the last time, and announced his appearance at Easter at the OPERA COMIQUE. The latter theatre, by the way, will then get rid of its ugly high-backed iron stall chairs; and, for the first time since the opening of this house, will have a pit.

During this week the STRAND Theatre has been closed. It will reopen this evening, when Miss Jennie Lee, who has long been absent from London, will present herself again in the character of "Jo," in the adaptation of "Bleak House" known by that name.

Dr. Westland Marston's new play, now in rehearsal at the VAUDEVILLE, is of the class known as "comedy-drama." It is in four acts, and unfolds a story of modern society. The principal performers who will take part in it are Messrs. T. Thorne, F. Thorne, H. Neville, Frank Archer, and Mesdames Amy Roselle, C. Grahame, Kate Phillips, and Le Thière.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, late of Drury Lane, Lyceum, and Princess's Theatres, who died, after a prolonged illness, on the 17th inst., in his fifty-ninth year, was the original Sydney Carton under Madame Celeste's management, also Mr. Meadows in *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, at the Princess's, with Mr. Vining, and Mendez (the Jew) in the production of the *Great City* during Mr. Chatterton's management. He was one of the best stage managers of his time.

This day (Saturday), at 2.30 P.M., there will be an Amateur performance at the CRITERION, in aid of the funds for restoring Wolferton Church, near Sandringham. The entertainment will consist of Douglas Jerrold's comedy, *The White Milliner*, and an original operetta, *The Lost Husband*, by Lady Arthur Hill. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales proposes to be present.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has consented to act as arbitrator in the pending controversy between the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough and the Committee for the Restoration of their Cathedral.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER is compelled by indisposition to leave his Diocese and take a complete rest, the necessity for which, it is hoped, will end with Easter.

BISHOP TEMPLE'S POPULARITY in the Diocese of Exeter is not merely among Churchmen. At a recent meeting in Exeter, a resolution moved by Lord Devon to form a fund for the presentation of

a memorial to the new Bishop of London was seconded by a Wesleyan, and supported by a Jew.

FORTY-NINE YEARS AGO the Church Pastoral Aid Society was founded, Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, taking the chair on the occasion. Since then the Society has paid more than 2,000,000l. in stipends of curates and lay agents, and has collected subscriptions to the additional amount of 600,000l. from local and other sources to supplement its grants. Its Committee desire to raise this year a Jubilee Fund of half-a-million sterling.

A STAINED WINDOW has been placed in Hadleigh Church as a memorial of its martyr Rector, Dr. Rowland Taylor, who, as a Protestant Reformer, suffered at the stake in February, 1555.

LORD CHARLES DOUGLAS HAMILTON has been admitted at Nice into the Roman Catholic Church. He is heir presumptive to his brother, the Duke of Hamilton, and is in his thirty-ninth year.

MR. SPURGEON writes from Mentone to inform his congregation that during his first week's sojourn there "the sunshine and warmth are doing wonders for him," and that, although he is still weak, "the pain is gone" and he can "walk a little."

THE SALVATION ORGAN announces in a strain of jubilant jocularity that General Booth has become the lessee and manager of the Prince of Wales's Theatre as another arena for his army's varied performances.

THE KYRIE SOCIETY is arranging to co-operate with the Metropolitan Play-Ground Association in procuring the conversion into public recreation grounds of the 218 metropolitan churchyards and burial-grounds in which interments can no longer take place, and which remain unutilized. One of the last successes of this useful movement is a conditional offer made by the Vicar of St. James's, Pentonville, to throw open to the public the disused burial-ground attached to that church.



"SAUL."—Handel's *Saul*, the fourth in order of composition of the Saxon master's oratorios, was performed for the first time in London for thirty-three years by the New Handel Society at St. James's Hall on Saturday night. The executants were almost exclusively amateurs. The solo vocalists were Miss Everett Green, Miss Ellicott (a daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester), Mrs. Andrew Tuer (a pupil of Madame Sainton), Mr. Lionel Benson, the Hon. Spencer G. Lyttelton, and Mr. Frank Pownall. A few professors were engaged to reinforce the orchestra, but no less than fifty-three of the band were amateurs, among them twenty-five ladies, including Lady Kemball, the Hon. Agatha Jolliffe, and Lady Florence B. Wilbraham. Mr. Boord, M.P. for Greenwich, was among the violoncellos. The chorus, somewhat weak in tenors, were all amateurs. Two sons of the Prime Minister sang, Mr. Herbert Gladstone among the tenors, and Mr. W. H. Gladstone among the basses. Miss Gladstone appeared among the altos. The audience, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales, was one of the most brilliant seen in a London concert room for many years. It would, of course, be grossly unfair to judge the performance from a professional standard. Nor, in this instance, does the objection to concert-giving by amateurs apply. For upwards of a quarter of a century professional artists have neglected *Saul*, and music-lovers can only thank the amateurs for rescuing such a work from obscurity. The airs in *Saul* are now necessarily somewhat out of date. But the oratorio, which was written in 1738, contains some of Handel's finest choral work. The most familiar choruses are "How excellent is Thy Name," which occurs in the hymn of thanksgiving for David's victory over Goliath, and "Envy, eldest-born of Hell," which commences the second part of the oratorio. Others, such as the fugue "Preserve him," the closing chorus of the second part, "O fatal consequence" (supposed to have been borrowed, with five other numbers, by Handel from a forgotten *Te Deum* by the Venetian composer, Francesco Urio), and the finale to the work, "Gird on thy Sword," deserve to be better known. With few exceptions, the oratorio was performed in almost the state in which Handel left it, the extra instruments used by modern tamperers with historic texts, under the excuse of "additional accompaniments," being conspicuously absent. The performance, though by no means free from fault, was a credit to the amateurs, and to their conductor, Mr. Docker.

RAFF'S "WINTER" SYMPHONY.—The last of the symphonies written by Raff to illustrate the four seasons was performed for the first time in England under Mr. Manns, at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday afternoon. Like its predecessors, *Winter* is essentially "programme" music. But Raff, after labelling three of the four movements, has left the rest of the story to the imagination, and thus has afforded full scope for the liveliest fancy. The plot of the first section is, for instance, shrouded in mystery. It is entitled "The First Snow," about as unlively and soundless a thing as nature could conceive. It has a long-drawn-out first subject, and a melodious second subject, the thematic materials being worked out with great ingenuity, but with overwhelming diffuseness. The pretty second movement, a sort of dainty gavotte with variations, pleased better. In the third movement the necessity for compression was again manifest. The movement is entitled "At the Fireside," and it is, we are told, intended to depict a song party, the bassoon warbling a lugubrious sort of sentimental melody, and other instruments following somewhat after the fashion of a "round." Another passage depicts the chattering of the guests. The *finale*, entitled "Carnival," is full of life and spirit, and it is by far the best movement of the symphony. Had Raff lived, it is more than probable the work would have been revised, but he died while the music was still in the engraver's hands. Mr. Max Pauer by no means enhanced his reputation by a tame and colourless reading of Mendelssohn's D minor concerto, and Mdlle. de Lido came from St. Petersburg to attempt Verdi's "Caro Nome," which Chorley, with combined cruelty and truth, described as "a vocal gasp."

THE BACH CHOIR.—The only composition by Bach performed at the concert of the Bach Choir was the pastoral symphony from the *Christmas Oratorio*. The experiment, tried five years ago at Westminster Abbey, of restoring the parts for oboi d'amore to reproductions of those obsolete instruments, was repeated. But the union of the old with modern instruments was not altogether happy, and as the parts for oboi di caccia were played on the bassoons, the shrill tone of the oboi d'amore irresistibly reminded the hearers of the more or less dulcet sounds of the Scottish bagpipe. The two novelties of the concert had little analogy with the music of Bach. Dr. Hubert Parry's setting of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* provoked much hostile criticism at the Gloucester Festival of 1880, and it has not since been heard. A great portion of it can only be considered an abuse, and even a caricature, of the modern style, and it is not until Jupiter has been overthrown by the Demogorgon Eternity that the work becomes cheerful, vocal, or interesting. Kiel's short oratorio, *The Star of Bethlehem*, performed for the first time in England, is open to the charge of excessive pedantry. The composer is a well-known contrapuntist, and he heaps fugue upon

fugue, neglecting meanwhile those details of variety or relief which obviate weariness to an audience. The tenor vocalist, mostly in accompanied recitative, tells the story of the Nativity, while two solo voices and the chorus comment on the text. There are two chorales, for the second of which is utilised the melody improperly called "Luther's Hymn," and popularised in our fathers' days by Braham and the elder Harper. The familiar tune amid such surroundings was as welcome as a pool of water in the desert.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Of the first Philharmonic concert under Sir Arthur Sullivan, and of the first concert by the celebrated Heckmann's quartet party from Cologne, both given on Thursday, we cannot write this week.—At the Popular Concerts Herr Joachim is going the round of his familiar repertory, leading the Razoumowsky quartet in F No. 1, and Beethoven's quintet in C, Op. 29, and playing the Tartini's "Devil's Trill," and other works.—On Tuesday Signor Mario Costa, nephew of Sir Michael, gave a concert, at which several of his own songs, and melodies by Mr. De Lara and Signor Tosti, popular in drawing-rooms, were sung.—On Wednesday, at the last morning Ballad Concert, the programme was formed chiefly of familiar songs.—On the same day Mr. Max Pauer gave a piano-forte recital, playing Beethoven's sonata in E, Op. 109, and other works.—Concerts have also been given by the Wesleyan Choral Society, Mdlle. Louise Douste, the Royal Academy students, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The funeral of Madame Sainton-Dolby took place on Monday at Highgate in the presence of a large number of musicians. In correction of our biographical notes last week, it may be said that Madame Sainton was born in 1818, five years earlier than the dictionaries state.—At the Royal Institution Mr. Carl Armbruster will lecture on Wagner to-day and the four following Saturdays.—March 20 has been fixed for the performance of *The Rose of Sharon* at St. James's Hall, with Madame Albani for the first time as the Sulamite. Mr. Mackenzie will come from Italy expressly for this concert.—The death is announced, in her seventy-eighth year, of Mrs. Harriet Wynne, mother of the well-known vocalist, Madame Edith Wynne.—The bicentenary performance of Bach's *Die Hohe Messe*, at the Albert Hall, will take place March 21. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt will conduct a band and chorus of 600, and Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Foli will sing.—Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, *Nadeshda*, is now in the hands of the engravers, and the chorus rehearsals with the Carl Rosa Company have commenced.—Owing to indisposition the Duke of Edinburgh was unable to appear at the concert at Reading on Tuesday.—A "Requiem," by Mr. John Farmer, in memory of the old Harrovians who have fallen in Egypt, will be produced at Harrow on March 28, when the solo will be sung by Mr. Santley. The text has been selected by Prof. Jowett, Master of Balliol.



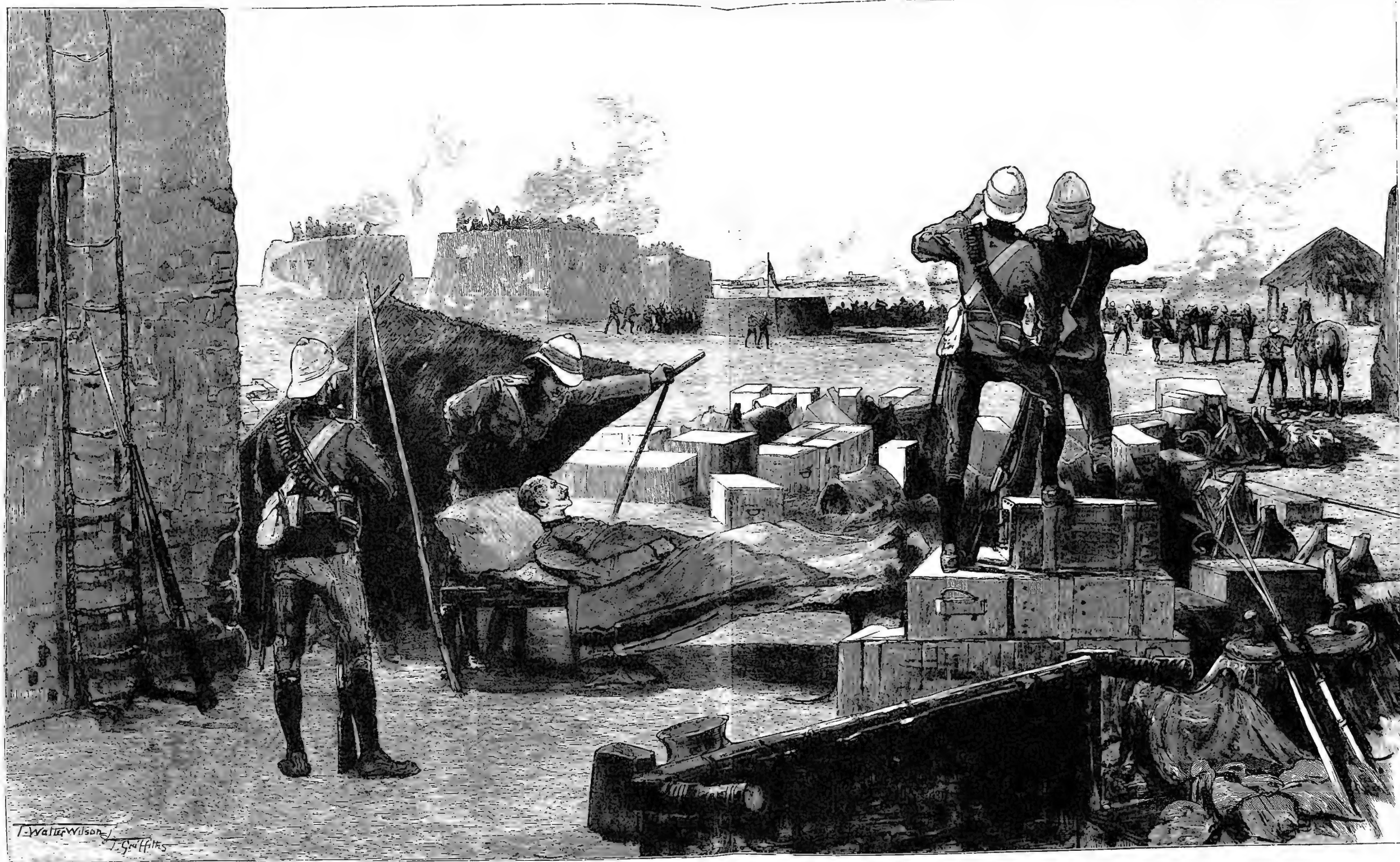
THE TURF.—There is a long-standing meteorological tradition that there are always fourteen fine days in February, and, though the present month has fallen short of that tradition, Tuesday last was about as charming a day as could be imagined in any season of the year. Hence Sandown Park attracted a large and fashionable company, who enjoyed not only a lovely day, but some excellent racing in the cross-country line. Favourites were fairly successful, Pennant taking the Open Hunters' Steeplechase, Captain the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, and Boisterous the Cardinal's Handicap Hurdle Race. The only drawback to the sport was an unusual number of accidents to riders, especially the serious one which happened to Mr. I. Goodwin. The second day was a great contrast to the first in point of weather, but the racing continued excellent. Several favourites again befriended their backers, but the chief event of the day, the Sandown Grand Prize Hurdle Race, fell to the outsider Master M'Grath, Gerona, the first favourite, coming to grief.—The death of Mr. M'George, the official starter to the Jockey Club, is a matter for universal regret on the Turf. He performed his very difficult duties admirably, and won the respect of all with whom he came in contact. It is said that Mr. Custance, the ex-jockey and "country gentleman," who has for some time acted as his deputy, will succeed him.—F. Archer is expected back from America about the 5th of next month, and so will be in plenty of time to ride in the Lincolnshire Handicap if so minded.

COURSING.—There was a falling-off both in attendance and interest in the Waterloo Cup last week. The recent anniversary was no exception to its predecessors of late; for though Clamor, the second favourite at starting, remained in with the last eight, he did not survive till the fifth round. The favourite, Mineral Water, who won last year, was evidently lamed in the first course when beaten by Skittles; otherwise the result might have been different. The division of the event between Mr. J. Hinks's nomination (Mr. C. Hibbert's), Glendyne and Mr. Dent's Bit of Fashion was of course a great disappointment to many spectators, but it can hardly be wondered at, as the animals were from the same kennel, and more or less in the same interest. The sire of both animals was the defunct Paris, and though the famous Misterton was represented by about a dozen runners, none of his progeny figured in the last eight.

CRICKET.—We learn by telegram that Shaw's team have been beaten by six runs by a representative Australian Eleven, composed of picked men from the various colonies. As none of Murdoch's late Anglo-Australian team were in the match, a good opportunity has been given to other promising Australian players to come to the fore. Most of us will be very glad to hear, for the sake of the game of cricket, that the Victoria Cricketers' Association have given Murdoch and Co. a most deserved rap over the knuckles for their recent behaviour towards Shaw's company; and that Boyle, Blackham, Palmer, Scott, Bonnor, and M'Donnell are not to be allowed to play in any matches under the auspices of the Victoria Association.

FOOTBALL.—On Saturday last three very important matches were played in the Association Cup competition. The Blackburn Rovers (holders) beat West Bromwich Albion by two goals to nil; and a similar defeat was inflicted by the Notts Forest team on the Old Etonians. The game between the Notts Club and Queen's Park resulted in a disputed draw, and will probably have to be played again.—At the Oval the Annual Association game between Oxford and Cambridge resulted in the victory of the latter, who have now won three times in succession, and eight of the twelve games which have been played.—At Blackburn the Rovers and Olympians, the holders and ex-holders of the Association Cup, have met for the third time, and on this occasion the latter won by four goals to one.

ATHLETICS.—For the third year in succession the Liverpool Harriers have won the Northern Cross-Country Championship, Manchester racecourse being the venue on Saturday last. Liverpool Gymnasium Harriers were second. The Salford Harriers supplied "first man home" in the person of G. H. Bannister.—The Five Miles Open Steeplechase Handicap of the South London Harriers Club was decided on Saturday over their course. A. Johnstone (Brunswick Harriers), 2 min. 25 sec. start, was first;



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE LATE SIR HERBERT STEWART LYING WOUNDED IN THE CAMP ON THE NILE DURING THE RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE TOWARDS METEMMEH, JAN. 21

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

"With daylight, movements out of our entrenched camp commenced, and as the day advanced a reconnaissance in force was made towards Metemneh. Sir Charles Wilson directed operations, and it was speedily ascertained that Metemneh was strongly held and strongly fortified."—*Daily Chronicle*.

and G. Saunders (Denmark Harrier), 2 min. 30 sec., second. There were seventy-three competitors.

AQUATICS.—The crews on the Isis and Cam pursue the even tenor of their way, and both seem likely to be quite up to the Putney average. Cambridge still seems to be most fancied by those who have been able to compare one with the other.—The Torpids at Oxford concluded on Wednesday last with Corpus head of the river, with Brasenose, New, and Exeter next in succession.—The Professional Sculling Handicap will take place on the 28th inst., and on March the 2nd. Sixteen competitors are likely to come to the post, and the *cognoscenti* look to the "heavy weights," Perkins, Godwin, and Bubeat, to supply the winner.

LACROSSE.—After a capital game London has beaten Dulwich in the South of England Challenge Cup competition. London has now to play Clapham, and the winner Leys School, Cambridge, in the final.

ALL FOLLOWERS of our sports and pastimes will deeply regret to hear of the death of Captain Hobson, the Manager of the Aquarium, where he has of late specially and successfully laid himself out to find amusement for them. He was as kind-hearted and as courteous as he was an active and clever man of business. In Mr. Carey he long had a most able assistant, and the general impression is that the directors of that institution need not look beyond that gentleman for a successor to the late Captain Hobson.



SIR REDVERS BULLER and his little force in the SOUDAN are working their way back from Gubat. On the 16th inst., he reached Abu Klea, and entrenched himself at the Wells, to await the promised convoy of camels from Gakdul to enable his men to cross the sixty miles of intervening desert. A strong detachment of the enemy appeared on his rear that evening, and endeavoured to surround his position by stealing round the hills on either side, and thus to dispute his retirement northwards. General Buller sent out parties of skirmishers, who stopped the Arabs' advance on the right, but the Arabs gained possession of the opposite range, and kept up a galling fire throughout the night, killing two and wounding fourteen of our men. Next day Major Wardrop, with Lieut. Tredway and only three Hussars, carried out a daring flank movement, and, creeping round to the rear of the Arab position, opened fire. The enemy, thinking that strong reinforcements had arrived from Gakdul, speedily retired, the ridges being at once occupied by our troops, who have established fortified posts. The Arabs did not, however, retreat far, but encamped at the Metemneh mouth of the Wady, and continued to send out skirmishing parties, and to keep up a brisk fire from their outposts. From all accounts, the Mahdi is still at Khartoum, and has not yet begun his march northwards in earnest. According to the statement of some prisoners captured on the 20th by the Royal Irish at Abu Klea, the Mahdi had started to come down the Nile to Metemneh, but had turned back.

At Gakdul General Stewart died on the 16th inst. The wound, it seems, was more serious than was generally believed, and the medical report states that it was of such a character as to have rendered recovery hopeless. He was buried in the little cemetery which now exists at the Wells, and his funeral was singularly impressive, a procession being formed in the valley headed by a firing party and the band of the Royal Sussex. The pall-bearers were Majors Hon. C. Byng and Gould, Lieutenants Lord, Browning, Douglas, and Dawson, the service being read by Colonel Talbot. From Korti there is little news save that the Mudir of Dongola was invested with the Order of St. Michael and St. George with great ceremony on Tuesday. The sick and wounded are being sent down the Nile in nuggars which have been properly fitted up for hospital purposes.

The black troops who, with their wives and families, were on board the steamers which General Gordon sent to meet us at Gubat, have arrived at Korti, and have been sent on to Ambukol, where they are now encamped. Further statements of the fall of Khartoum tend to confirm the original story that General Gordon was treacherously stabbed on leaving his house. The more detailed passages of his letters which have now been published show that matters were far from flourishing at Khartoum as people were led to believe, and that it was the knowledge of the critical situation of Gordon and his garrison which led Lord Wolseley to despatch Sir Herbert Stewart and his force across the desert. While Gordon forwarded such written messages as "Khartoum is all right," his messengers brought verbal communications stating that the troops in Khartoum were suffering from lack of provisions. His last direct message, dated December 14, declared, "Food we still have is little: some grain and biscuit. We want you to come quickly. You should come by Metemneh or Berber. Make by these two roads. Do not leave Berber in your rear. Keep enemy in your front, and when you have taken Berber, send me word from Berber. Do this without letting rumours of your approach spread abroad. In Khartoum there is no butter nor dates, and little meat. All food is very dear." In a private letter of the same date to a friend at Cairo General Gordon wrote:—"All is up. I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time. It would not have been so if our people had kept me better informed as to their intentions. My adieux to all."

General Brackenbury and his column are successfully pushing their way up the Nile. On the 15th inst. he occupied Salamat, which was found to be deserted. No opposition was encountered in the Shakkook Pass, which the enemy had evidently made preparations to defend, but had abandoned the position after the battle of Kirbekan. The General on the 21st crossed the Nile to the right bank with the whole of his forces at Hebbah, opposite Kaniet Island. On the 22nd he intended to march upon Abu Hamed, a distance of forty miles, and would probably halt there for some time, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements at Suakim and the commencement of the march thence to Berber. General Brackenbury has found various relics of Colonel Stewart, and states that the steamer is now gutted and filled with sand. He has destroyed the houses and all the property of the blind man, Fakri Etman, who was one of the chief instigators of the murder. At Suakim there has been no fighting of importance this week. The Indian troops may be expected to arrive there in the course of a few days, as the first contingent have already left Bombay. The brigade will number 3,000 combatants, but with the followers, labourers' corps, and dooly bearers, will amount to 6,000 members. Three thousand camels and their drivers are also to be sent from India, as well as 1,500 additional camel-drivers for animals purchased in Egypt, 300 mule-drivers, 300 water-carriers, and an ambulance corps for the transport of 500 sick.

From Kassala comes the news of a victory over the rebels by the garrison, aided by a strong convoy of the Shukoorie tribe, who are reported to have killed 3,500 of their opponents. Kassala has now held out for more than a year.

In FRANCE two meetings are reported from Paris of greater interest to Englishmen than such gatherings usually present. On Monday there was a great meeting to receive an address from the "British Workmen's Peace Association," presented by Mr. Thomas

Burt, M.P., President of the Society, Mr. Howard Evans, Chairman of the Council, and eight other Englishmen. The audience, however, was largely composed of Anarchists, who cared little for the subject on hand, but wanted to air their iconoclastic theories, and who listened to Mr. Burt's speech with scant patience and scantier courtesy. A free fight subsequently ensued, and ultimately the meeting broke up in disorder, to the cries of "Vive la Révolution Sociale!" "Vive l'Internationale!" "Vive l'Anarchie." Of more real importance is a report of a Fenian Dynamite Congress, held on Monday. The chairman was a man called Kinl, whose real name is John Morrissey, and who is an Irishman from County Carlow, and during the portion of the proceedings at which reporters were permitted to be present the use of dynamite as the best means for "putting an end to England's evil administration in Ireland" was warmly approved, while a resolution was proposed that the "war" should be continued on a more extensive scale, by causing explosions, not only in London, but in provincial towns and villages. Some of the more humane spirits, however, objected to the slaughter of innocent women and children, and suggested that the explosions should be mainly confined to the ships of the Royal Navy and to barracks and arsenals. A proposition of alliance with the Russian Nihilists, some of whom have kindly offered to fire London, was rejected on the ground that Russia was England's enemy, and therefore Ireland's friend, while a proposed fusion between the Invincibles and the Dynamite factions was also negatively, owing to a telegram from the mysterious "Number One." It was decided, however, to send two skilled delegates to the Mahdi, in order to instruct him in the use of a new dynamite cannon.

To turn to French affairs, politics are abnormally quiescent just now, and the Chambers have been discussing finance and the proposed enhanced Corn Duties, which will now probably be rejected. In Paris a statue of Ledru Rollin was unveiled on Tuesday, the anniversary of the 1848 Revolution, the chief interest in the ceremony being the presence of the only two surviving members of the Provisional Government, MM. Albert and Carnot. On Thursday, M. Victor Hugo's eighty-third birthday was enthusiastically commemorated by his friends. A grand banquet was given to him at the Hotel Continental on Wednesday evening.—There is little fresh from the Franco-Chinese War. General Brière de l'Isle is awaiting reinforcements, which were expected to arrive at the end of this month, and early in March he will resume the offensive. The French have reaffirmed the neutrality of Shanghai, and have assured the Chinese Government that their fleet will not ascend the Yangtse River if French property is respected, but will only cruise off the mouth to prevent the passage of vessels carrying contraband of war, in which category rice has now been placed.

IN GERMANY, the West African Congress has finished its labours, and a document embodying the Acte Général—the result of the labours of the delegates—was to be signed by all the plenipotentiaries on Thursday. This Act will have all the force of International Law, though binding only upon the Powers represented at the Congress—other nations being left to accede or not as they please. The document will be deposited at Berlin, and is accompanied by a separate instrument expressing the adherence of the International African Association to the Act. With regard to the new Congo State it is announced that the form of Government will be monarchical, and that the King of the Belgians will be the reigning Sovereign.

RUSSIA is officially denying the recent reports of the continued advance of her troops in Central Asia, and applauding the recent Ministerial expression of confidence in the assurances of the Russian Government. England, however, is significantly reminded that the engagements between England and Russia do not alone result from the declarations of Russia, but that her undertaking to abstain from all attempts to acquire political influence over Afghanistan is dependent upon England fulfilling her promise to keep the States placed under her influence from overstepping the bounds of that influence. This is not the first time that England has been warned to keep the Afghans well in hand, and one of the chief excuses for the Russian advance will undoubtedly be that we have failed to keep them in order. Some of the Muscovite journals are particularly bitter against England just now, and the *Novoe Vremya* sneers contemptuously at England, declaring that no European nation—not even Belgium or Portugal—may longer feel the least timidity before English influence or threats.

IN INDIA, also, the Central Asian question is the main topic, and a *Times* correspondent writes that the all but universal opinion is that Russia is taking advantage of our difficulties in Egypt to press claims which she knows to be preposterous. It is felt that if M. Lessar's boundary be accepted, it will become a matter of immediate and urgent necessity to greatly increase the strength of the army, European and native, and to hold it ready to meet the blow which may then be struck at any moment. The presence of Lord Dufferin, however, is considered to be our great reassuring element. The latest rumour of Russian intrigue comes from Nepal, it being stated that Colonel Prejevalsky, who is exploring Northern Thibet, has been instructed to open communication with that State.

IN THE UNITED STATES the Washington Monument was dedicated with great ceremony on Saturday. Various speeches were made, but were scarcely listened to owing to the intense cold, the spectators, who numbered several thousands, clapping their hands and stamping their feet to maintain at least some slight circulation. The monument is an obelisk, and the tallest structure in the world, being 555 feet high.—The extreme cold weather has caused numerous conflagrations through the over-heating of warming apparatuses, and the work of the firemen has been greatly increased through the freezing of the water in the mains.—Mrs. Dudley has been indicted for attempt to murder by a New York Grand Jury, and notwithstanding Rossa's refusal to prosecute will be fully tried. She will be defended by one of the best Transatlantic criminal lawyers—ex Judge Fullerton.—A resolution has been introduced into the House of Representatives, proposing that retaliatory measures should be taken towards Germany for proscribing American pork and raising the duties on corn. The much-talked of Bill prohibiting aliens from holding lands in the United States Territories has been favourably reported upon by the Senate Public Lands Committee. The measure only applies to the Territories, as the right of making land-owning laws for the States belongs to the State Legislatures, and not to Congress.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the third instalment of the expedition which ITALY is sending to the Red Sea has left, and the question of going to Kassala is now being debated in the Italian Cabinet. In this case the Italian force will be increased to 10,000 men.—In AUSTRALIA the utmost enthusiasm continues to be shown respecting the despatch of troops to the Soudan. The patriotic fund in connection with the New South Wales Contingent now amounts to 30,000/., and on Monday a meeting was held at Sydney urging the Government to despatch troops with all possible promptitude.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir Charles Warren has been well received in Stellenland, and has fixed March 10th for the election of a governing body for that district. Meanwhile, he has placed the country under military law, and has arrested Commandant Celliers and Mr. Van Niekerk on the charge of complicity in the murder of Mr. Honey. Sir Charles Warren is massing his troops at Vryberg, and has made representations to the Transvaal Government that no one should be allowed to cross the frontier. The Transvaal authorities are co-operating with Sir Charles Warren, but great excitement is said to prevail at Pretoria. It is generally believed, however, that a peaceful settlement of the question will be effected.

THE COURT

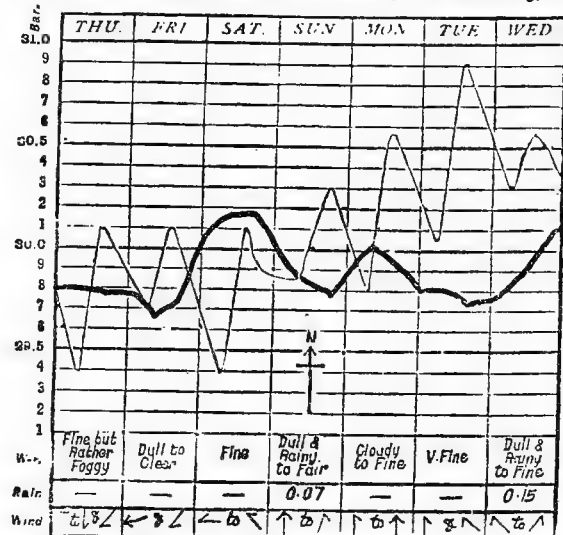
THE QUEEN is now settled at Windsor Castle until the end of March, when Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice start for Germany. After remaining a short time at Darmstadt to witness the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse's confirmation, it is reported that they may possibly go to Aix-les-Bains, in order that the Princess Beatrice may again try the waters as a cure for the rheumatism from which she still suffers. Otherwise they will probably spend a few days at Baden-Baden, returning to England about the end of April. Meanwhile the Queen is much better, and is able to drive out in an open carriage, besides receiving guests, Sir Gerald Graham having visited Her Majesty before his departure for Egypt. On Saturday Princess Beatrice visited Count and Countess Gleichen at St. Bruno, and next morning attended Divine service in the private chapel, where the Rev. Dr. Hornby preached. Princess Louise arrived in the afternoon, and remained till Monday evening, when the Princess returned to town. On Tuesday Princess Beatrice came to London and visited the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Wednesday evening Lady Wolseley and her daughter arrived at the Castle on a visit to Her Majesty.—It is announced that Princess Beatrice will be married very quietly at Whippingham Church in July, only immediate relatives being present. The honeymoon will probably be spent at Quarr Abbey, Lady Cochrane's seat, near Ryde, and the new-married pair will afterwards accompany the Queen to Balmoral.—On Wednesday afternoon the Princess Louis of Battenberg (Princess Victoria of Hesse) was safely delivered of a daughter at Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday morning inspected the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards at Wellington Barracks before their departure for Egypt, subsequently going to Westminster Pier to see the troops embark. The Princess of Wales and family and Princess Beatrice were also present. Later the Prince presided at a meeting of his Council, and attended a general meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron to elect a new Vice-Commodore; while in the evening the Prince and Princess, with Prince George, went to the concert of the Handel Society. Next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service; and on Monday the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge went to Aldershot to choose a site for the Duke of Wellington's statue, eventually deciding on a spot on Round Hill, near the entrance to the Long Valley. They lunched with Sir A. and Lady Alison before returning to town; and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to St. James's Theatre. The Duchess of Albany lunched with the Prince and Princess on Tuesday, and subsequently the Prince was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission for Housing the Working Classes and went to the House of Lords, while the Princess presided at the first meeting of the Ladies' National Aid Association (Soudan and Egypt), and gave her name to the branch. In the evening the Prince and Princess were at Covent Garden Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters went to the Horse Show, and subsequently inspected the Hospital Ship *Ganges* at the Albert Dock. On Monday the Prince holds a *levée*, and on Wednesday will be re-elected Grand Master of English Freemasons, going afterwards with the Princess to the Royal Artillery Company's ball.—The proposed visit of the Prince and Princess to Ireland in April has aroused great interest. They will stay in Dublin with Earl Spencer, holding a *levée* and Drawing-Room during their residence in the Castle, and will visit various parts of the country. The Prince was last in Ireland during Lord Spencer's first Viceroyalty in 1871, when he opened the Agricultural Show. Probably the Prince and Princess may go to Wiesbaden at Easter to meet the King of Denmark, who will be taking the waters, while in June or July they will again visit Hull to open the new Alexandra Dock and the Western Park.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been suffering from an abscess for the last fortnight, and has been confined to his room, unable to keep any engagements. The Reading concert at which he was to have played on Tuesday was accordingly deferred. The Duchess went to the Court Theatre on Monday night.—Princess Louise accompanied Lord Lorne to the Mansion House on Tuesday, when the Marquis was presented with the freedom and livery of the Tin Plate Workers' Company.—The Duchess of Cambridge has had a touch of bronchitis, but is much better.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1884



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather at the opening of the past week was cold, fine, and dry, but afterwards fell into a mild, unsettled, and rainy condition generally. At the commencement of the period an area of relatively high pressure lay over our islands, while a depression was travelling north-eastwards from the Bay of Biscay. Thus, while light variable airs occurred at first, with fine and clear but cold weather, freshening north-easterly winds and cloudy weather set in over the Channel as the influence of the disturbance just mentioned made itself felt. Fine weather continued elsewhere, although some showers were reported from Scotland and the north of England. A series of depressions now approached our western coasts from the Atlantic; the first and most important of these being that which travelled north-eastwards just outside our Irish and Scotch coasts in the course of Saturday (21st inst.) and Sunday (22nd inst.). This caused a rapid fall of the mercury in those localities, but as the barometer continued to rise over England, very steep gradients were produced generally. Unusually severe southerly gales now occurred over Ireland and Scotland, with rain generally (heavy in the west), and snow in the north. Thunderstorms were experienced in the north of Scotland and the south-west of Ireland. As this depression passed away from our area others appeared off our western coasts, so that the weather in those regions was kept in a rough and rainy condition till the end of the week. Over England, however, fine, warm, and spring-like weather prevailed during Tuesday (24th inst.), to be followed by steady rain for a time at our south-eastern stations on the following day (Wednesday, 25th inst.). At the close of the period little or no apparent change in the weather was indicated. The barometer was highest (30.18 inches) on Saturday (21st inst.); lowest (29.67 inches) on Friday (20th inst.); range, 0.51 inches. Temperature was highest (58°) on Tuesday (24th inst.); lowest (28°) on Thursday (19th inst.) and Saturday (21st inst.); range, 30°. Rain fell on two days. Total fall, 0.22 inches. Greatest amount on any one day, 0.15 inches on Wednesday, 25th inst.)



SOME NOT UNIMPORTANT EVIDENCE was adduced when Cunningham and Burton, charged with being concerned in the explosion at the Tower, were this week again brought up on remand at Bow Street. It was proved that Cunningham was in the Reception Room of the Tower ten or fifteen minutes before the explosion took place, and also that when questioned by the police he denied having had in his possession the large brown box which his landlady in Great Prescott Street is positive he brought with him to her house. As regards Burton, it was proved that after the explosion he had in his possession a box of the same description which is supposed to have been transferred to him by Cunningham. The book-keeper of a London cabinet-maker who employed Burton showed that his earnings from May to September last were only 34. odd, and the foreman said that he left his work in the latter month to go to the United States, from which he returned last Christmas, having given as a reason for his visit to America the interest which he took in the Presidential election. The prisoners were again remanded.

A DECISION OF SOME INTEREST TO MEMBERS OF CLUBS was given in the Divisional Court this week by Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Grove. The defendant was a member of a club in Liverpool, one of the rules of which was that if on its dissolution there

were any outstanding liabilities beyond assets the deficiency was to be made good by payment apportioned among the members for the time being. Another rule provided that members might withdraw at the end of any year, and should not be liable beyond the 31st of March after withdrawal. The defendant withdrew on the 30th of April, 1883, at which time there was no apparent deficiency; but on the dissolution of the club in the following November it was found that there was a considerable deficiency, which included a debt for debentures issued when the club was formed, and not paid off when it was dissolved. The committee applied to the defendant to pay his share of the debenture debt, and he refused on the ground that the rule already cited relieved him from all liability after his withdrawal. The judge of the Liverpool County Court, however, decided that he was liable to some extent, inasmuch as the debenture debt, in which he was sued, existed at the time of his withdrawal. The Divisional Court upheld this decision so far as regarded his share in the debenture debt, as it stood at the time of his withdrawal.

A SPECIAL JURY AT NISI PRIUS have mulcted Mr. Sims Reeves in 50l. damages for not singing, according to promise, at a concert got up by a local music-sealer at Stratford, Essex, in May last. The eminent tenor's defence was that hoarseness disabled him from singing on that occasion. The verdict of the jury was based upon their finding that there was not "sufficient evidence adduced to prove the defendant's inability to perform his contract."

AT THE BOW STREET POLICE OFFICE, an investigation has begun into a singular charge of fraud against two men styling themselves Grigsby and Co. They were accused of inserting in the newspapers among other fraudulent advertisements one inviting communications from all persons of the name of Clark, who might

thus hear of something to their advantage in connection with a sum of 105,000l., said to have been bequeathed by a gentleman of that name who died in America. The prosecutor, an Ely draper, whose name was Clark, did enter into communication with them, and, buoyed up by them with the hope that he was one of thirty-five lucky Clarks who were thus to receive 3,000l. each, he handed over various small sums of money to Grigsby and Co., whom he presently heard of as taken into custody. Grigsby and Howard, the alleged members of the firm, were remanded after the first examination.

THE EIGHT LEWIS CROFTERS, tried for assaulting an Edinburgh messenger-at-arms, while serving the writs of the Court of Session, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from seven to fifty days. The Sheriff in summing up suggested that involuntary emigration and the provision of suitable harbours was to be found the best solution of the Hebridean difficulty.

THE HEAVY RAINS of Saturday and Sunday have given John Lee, the Babbicombe murderer, a new lease of existence. The planks in the floor of the drop with which he was to have been hung in Exeter Gaol on Monday were so swollen by the rain that it refused to act, and three times an ineffectual attempt was made to carry the sentence into effect. At last, after having exhibited considerable fortitude during the shocking scene, Lee was taken back to his cell, and the Home Secretary has since respite him during Her Majesty's pleasure, which means that the sentence of death has been commuted for one of imprisonment for life. This repulsive business has again suggested the propriety of appointing a public executioner, and in some quarters that of substituting for the gallows an instrument of death on the principle of the French guillotine, or the old and obsolete "Maiden" of Scotland.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
LOVED VOICES. Edith Cooke.
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TWO LIVES. J. E. Webster.
AN OLD MAID'S HEART.
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The above songs are published in keys to suit all
voices.
Each, 2s. net.
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Price, From £10.
AMERICAN ORGANS, from £5. All full
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allowed. Any instrument exchanged within three
years, and the price paid allowed for it if one of a
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TO BE DISPOSED OF, a nearly
new semi-grand PIANOFORTE, by Kirk-
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Address: F. Post Office, Haldstead, Essex. Should a
trial of the instrument be desired, please make ap-
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PRIZE—For conditions see "JOURNAL OF
EDUCATION" for March. To be obtained through
any Newagent, or post-free for 7d. from the Office,
25, Fleet Street, E.C.



EVERY LADY,
EVERY GENTLE-
MAN,
EVERY HOUSE-
HOLD,
EVERY TRAVELLER,
EVERY SPORTS-
MAN,
EVERY COTTAGE,
EVERY HOSPITAL,
SHOULD KEEP A BOTTLE.

It thoroughly cleanses all articles of

THE TOILET,
SUCH AS
SPONGES, which it
completely renovates.
BRUSHES & COMBS,
BATHS, &c., BOT-
TLES, and GLASSWARE of
all kinds, and takes stains off Marble
and Ivory.
OF ALL CHEMISTS, CO-OPERA-
TIVE STORES, and PERFU-
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Full Directions on the Bottles.
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D'EL TEB would draw attention to the fol-
lowing testimonials lately received:—
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clean our Sponges. I HAVE NEVER MET WITH
ANYTHING BEFORE THAT DOES IT SO EFFECTUALLY
OR CHEAPLY AS THIS."
A GENTLEMAN, returning from his travels in the
East, writes:—"It cleaned and made things bearable
for otherwise would have given us much inconve-
nience."
A HOTEL KEEPER sends the following:—"We find
it very useful. A little cleanses the fly-blows from our
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soaked in warm water. It is particularly useful for
males—so really very valuable throughout large
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EAU D'EL TEB is a means of
prevention.
The proprietors have much satisfaction in bringing
the enclosed testimonial to public notice.
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"Constantinople, June 20, 1884.
"We had a case of cholera on board during our
voyage here. I wish to tell you that we employed
your EAU D'EL TEB largely. All about the
berths of all on board were washed with it. Owing
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confined to one man. I consider it most essential to
cleanliness on shipboard, in hospital, in fact, every-
where where large numbers of people are compelled to
live together. We put a few spoonfuls of it in a
bucket of water in which the linen is soaked, and I
believe all germs of contagion are thus destroyed."
(S. M. G.) "GEORGES DE BARRE."

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12 yards BLACK SILK, 35s. 9d. SPECIAL
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WONDERFUL BLACK GOWN SATIN, 1s. 9d.
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All other qualities greatly reduced.

ALL SHADES IN COLOURED SILKS AND SATINS—

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Keeps leather supple, and prevents its
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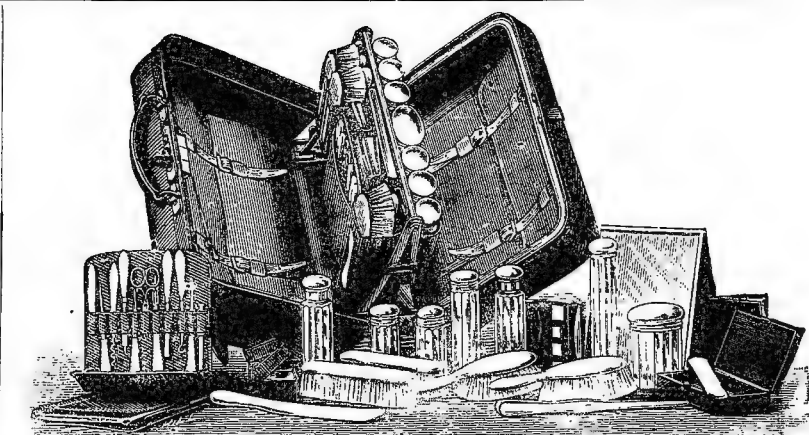
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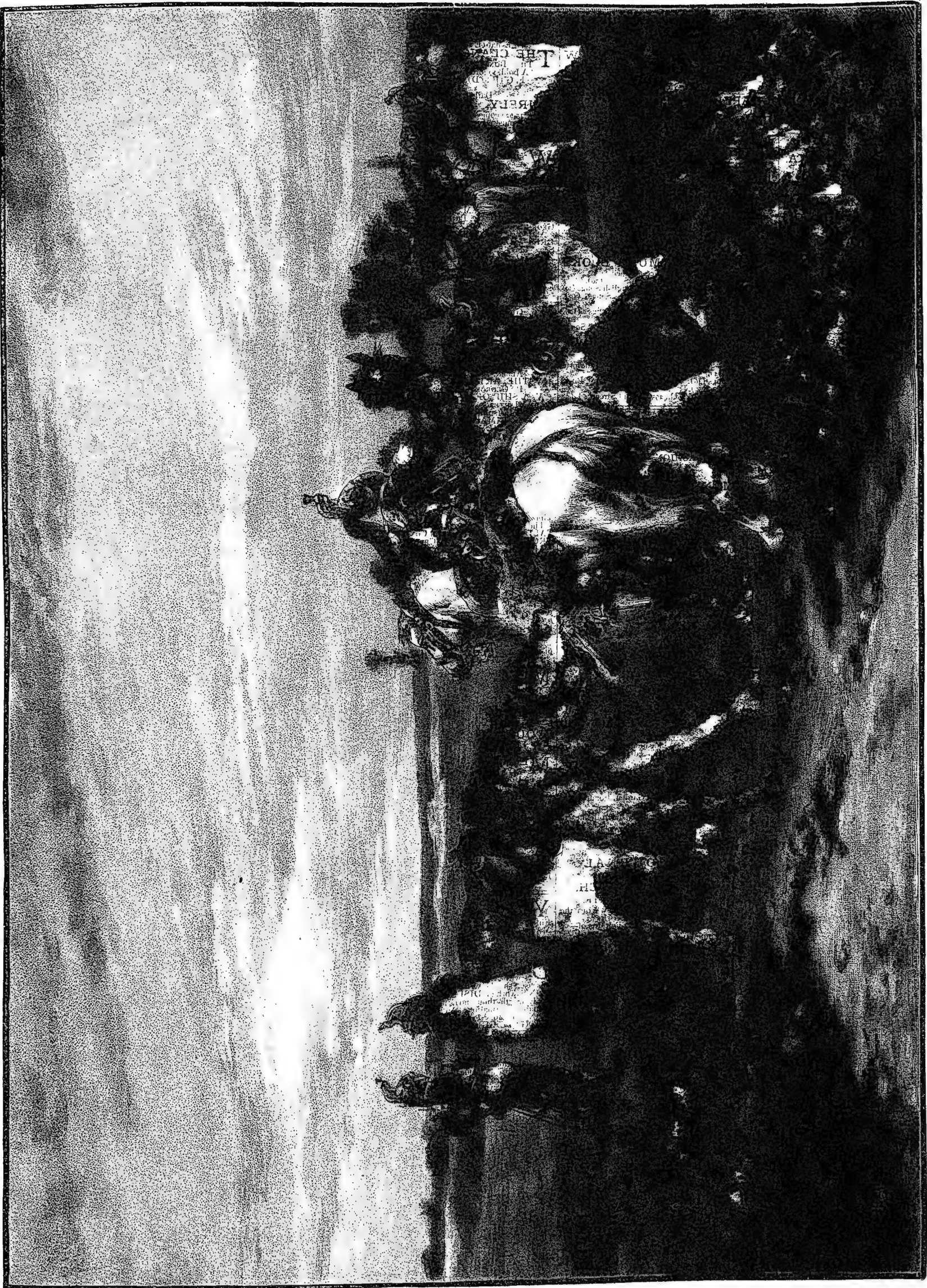
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"The lady's welcome to her dear Cousin Isidor was affectionate even to enthusiasm."

COUSIN ISIDOR: A NOVELETTE

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," &C., &C.

CHAPTER III. APPRECIATION

It is not to be supposed that the disagreeable impression of that one evening caused Mr. Weekes to hold off from his cousin, or to avoid frequenting her house. He called there, in fact, the very next afternoon; being impelled to give himself the satisfaction of talking about Mrs. Devayne with severe contempt. It was all the amends he was able to obtain for the mortification that lady had inflicted on him. But he really found it comforting. And then when that impulse had expended itself there were other attractions which drew him to Lady Milbury's pleasant little boudoir. Cousin Charlotte always listened to him with patience and kindness. And that not by any means solely—nor even chiefly—from interested motives on behalf of her daughter. She and Mr. Weekes had been young together. They had many memories in common. And even when Isidor was loftily disparaging this and that friend or relative, Lady Milbury heard in every tone of his voice, and saw in every turn of his face, suggestions and reminiscences of the days of her youth, which gave his conversation a certain glamour. But the glamour was, of course, unshared by her children, who did not take to their elderly cousin with any sort of cordiality. Charley was

rather more tolerant of him than Enid. But that was, as Enid shrewdly observed, because Mr. Weekes had not so many opportunities of inflicting his society on the young man as he had of bestowing it on the girl. Enid had warm feelings, and could be tender, but generous on occasions. And if Cousin Isidor had been poor, or sick, or in trouble, her heart would have softened to him at once. But as it was, she was apt, with the intolerance of her nineteen years, to break out into rebellious protest against Mr. Weekes's dogmatic utterances—"laying down the law," she called them. "And he talks such nonsense, too!" she would say, indignantly. "Absolute twaddle, of the most old-fashioned and *arrièrè* sort!"

Miss Milbury was certainly a very intelligent and quick-witted young lady, and had been endowed by nature with more keenness of perception and vigour of mind than Mr. Weekes. But, like him, she was not often checked in her judgments by the sense of her own fallibility. Hence considerable friction in their mental intercourse. But Mr. Weekes really did admire the girl; Lady Milbury's maternal partiality had not deceived her there. He had a pride in her well-bred air, her fresh young beauty, and even in her saucy speeches; which were always mitigated by playful looks and tones. She was a credit to the family, Mr. Weekes told himself, and ought to make

a brilliant marriage. And as their acquaintance increased so did his tendency to pet and indulge her, in spite of Enid's exasperating preference for her own opinion and her own way. She would uphold theories of art and literature which he deemed wildly heterodox, and would quote against him celebrities of whom he had never heard; but whom, of course, he knew to be overrated impostors, since he had never heard of them.

London society disappointed Mr. Weekes. He found it grown terribly vulgar, he told Lady Milbury. His bugbear, the "snobocracy," had invaded nearly all circles; slang had corrupted the language; literature was addressed to "the million;" art was entirely depraved by affectation; and the drama had gone to the dogs. These gloomy views were only once pierced by a ray of cheerfulness. This was when Mr. Weekes chanced to meet with an old acquaintance from the country, who asked him when he was going to give them some more books, and remembered having seen a favourable notice—"quite a flaming review, you know, eh?"—of one of Mr. Weekes's works in the county *Gazette*. Isidor began to think that the intellect of the nation had taken refuge from metropolitan decadence in the provinces; and that if England were to be saved, her salvation must come from the agricultural districts.

The hopeful mood did not last very long. But the impression

that better things might be found in the country than in town, remained in his mind like an invisible inscription in sympathetic ink, which only needed certain conditions to start into vividness. These conditions were afforded by the receipt of a letter from his relative, Mrs. Fairford. Now it was true, as Lady Milbury had said, that Eliza Fairford had never been Mr. Weekes's favourite cousin, and that, moreover, he had disliked her marriage; choosing to consider that she had made a *mésalliance* in accepting Dr. Fairford, a country doctor of moderate means and obscure position. But, nevertheless, Eliza's letter gave him great gratification, and made him decide to go down to King's Casby, where the Fairfords lived, before finally settling himself in London.

Mrs. Fairford wrote to invite him with flattering eagerness. Her cousin had not hitherto supposed her capable of appreciating him so highly; and began to admit that he had done some injustice to Eliza's sound sense and warmth of feeling. When he mentioned his intention of paying a visit to the Fairfords, Lady Milbury felt a slight pang of jealous uneasiness. Not, of course, that the Fairford girls could compete for a moment with her Enid. But Cousin Isidor had not been back amongst them long enough to form firm ties of attachment to the young ones. And then it could not be denied that Enid had been tantalisingly perverse in her behaviour to the old gentleman, who evidently *must* have adored her, if she would but have given herself fair play. Still, Lady Milbury was too sweet-natured and honourable a woman to resort to any unfair means of rivalry with the Fairfords on Enid's behalf. She limited herself to expressing a fear that he would find King's Casby frightfully dull, and the Fairfords' circle of acquaintance not,—"well, perhaps not quite altogether nice, you know." Very respectable, of course; but scarcely what he was accustomed to.

By the rest of the Milbury family the announcement of Mr. Weekes's approaching departure was received with demonstrations of unfeigned satisfaction. Sir Peter, indeed, was not without some misgivings as to the result on Cousin Isidor's testamentary dispositions. But he carried it off with a high hand; telling his wife that he would not countenance anything like angling for the old fellow's money, and could not consent to truckle, or allow his children to truckle, to absurd vanity and pretensions, for the hope of a few hypothetical thousands. That sort of thing he would leave to Eliza Fairford and her underbred crew of girls.

Enid performed a triumphant kind of dance before the long mirror in the drawing-room when the day of Mr. Weekes's departure from London was announced to her. But yet on the last evening when he had been dining with them, she softened a good deal; sang several of Mr. Weekes's favourite songs, and listened to a homily on the decay of modern poetry, without contradicting him once.

"Have you any commands for King's Casby, my dear Charlotte?" asked Mr. Weekes, with his air of punctilious politeness, when he rose to go away.

"Thanks, Isidor; none. You will remember me kindly to Eliza and to Dr. Fairford."

"I shall not fail. And you, Enid? Have you any message?—any commission?"

"Only my love to the girls. Perhaps they may manage to come up to town before the season is quite over."

"Not very likely," interrupted Sir Peter, brusquely.

"Oh, yes, papa; they do get invited sometimes. Don't you remember they were in town for three weeks the season before last?"

"And Jim was with them," put in Charles Milbury. "I wish Jim would take a run up to town. But I think nothing less than an International Cattle Show, or a World-wide Pig Competition, or some great event of that sort would fetch him again so soon."

"Who," asked Mr. Weekes in his feeble-emphatic manner, and with a little air of protest as he uttered the name, "is—Jim?"

"Who's Jim?" echoed young Milbury. "Why, Jim Fairford!"

"Eliza's son, you know," explained Lady Milbury. "You remember hearing that she had a son?"

"Oh! Ah! Ye-es. Oh, quite so. Yes, I do remember. But in her letter she does not particularise; she merely speaks of her 'children.' Oh, really? Yes; I now recall having heard of a boy called James."

"The young man is a sort of farmer in a small way," said Sir Peter. "Some connection of his father's family bequeathed him a few acres and a cottage. He declined to enter a profession when he left the University. He was probably right. I dare say he is more fitted for his present line of life than for any other."

"Being a farmer does not prevent his being a gentleman, papa," exclaimed Enid, flushing up.

Sir Peter raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. "Gentleman" is a much-abused word, my dear," he answered. But Charley backed up his sister with much heartiness.

"Oh, but Jim is a capital fellow, sir," he said. "He pulled stroke in his college boat, and he is one of the very best shots I know."

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATION

THE sixty miles of railway which separate King's Casby from London pass for the most part through a very pretty smiling country. The day on which Mr. Weekes started from town happened to be bright and pleasant; he secured a corner place in a carriage with only one other traveller; and some opportune showers in the morning having laid the dust, Mr. Weekes was altogether in a mood of unwonted content. As he leaned back in the cushioned corner he thought complacently of several passages in Mrs. Fairford's letter; and still more complacently of the impression he should produce in that comparatively unsophisticated household. "We are very quiet folks, living a humdrum country life. But perhaps for that very reason our house may be agreeable to *you* after the brilliancy of town." That was one passage in the letter. Another was: "We have been separated so long, and have had so little correspondence with each other, that I feel I shall have, as it were, to introduce myself to you. You are no stranger to *me*, but that, of course, is very different. Besides that I vividly remember the old days in dear Aunt Julia's house" (Aunt Julia had been Mr. Weekes's mother), "I have been enabled to follow your footsteps, and enjoy your conversation by means of your delightful books. I believe my children know some of the descriptions of Jamaica by heart. They are quite excited by the idea of seeing the author of them."

"Eliza has ripened, has developed, in a very satisfactory manner," said Mr. Weekes to himself, recalling these and other passages. "There used to be a little frivolity—a little lack of judgment—about her as a girl. But she has evidently improved as her mind has matured. Dear me! I suppose this is my station."

It was Mr. Weekes's station, bearing the name of Dunster. Where or what Dunster might be—supposing it to be anything more than the tiny waiting-room and goods shed which made up the station—was mysterious. But Dunster was the point at which all railway travellers bound for King's Casby alighted. And at Dunster accordingly Mr. Weekes got out. There was waiting for him a neat little pony-chaise, and a cart to carry his luggage. No members of the Fairford family were there. The servant who drove the chaise informed Mr. Weekes that his master had meant to come to the station, but had been suddenly called away an hour ago.

Mr. Weekes received this very graciously. "A physician cannot be master of his time, of course," said he, affably, as he stepped into the chaise.

"No, sir," replied the servant, touching his hat, and making mental notes of the stranger's voice, manner, and appearance—all of which he afterwards compendiously, if not lucidly, characterised in the kitchen as "the rummiest of the rum."

Doctor Fairford's house, situated about three miles from Dunster Station, was a roomy, unpretending red-brick mansion, known as the Red House, in the midst of a large old-fashioned garden. It stood on the outskirts of King's Casby, the very smallest and sleepest market-town imaginable; and, as far as quietude and loneliness go, might have been in the middle of Salisbury Plain; except only on market-days, when a procession of carts and farmers' gigs passed along the road morning and afternoon. Mrs. Fairford and two of her daughters were standing on the steps at the front door when the pony-chaise rattled up the drive. The lady's welcome to her dear Cousin Isidor was affectionate even to enthusiasm. She was a very short, thin woman, with a tiny, squeezed figure, and an aquiline-featured face which had once been pretty. In order to make the most of her inches she had acquired the habit of holding her head thrown back, with her chin in the air; so that to any one taller than herself—and most people were so—she appeared to be constantly in an attitude of appeal or petition. The daughters who stood beside her at the moment of Mr. Weekes's arrival were the two younger ones, Celia and Imogen—blue-eyed, blooming, buxom English girls as one could desire to see.

"I am so grieved that Godfrey was unable to meet you at the station," said Mrs. Fairford after the first greetings were over, clasping her hands and looking up appealingly. "So grieved! And he also. But he never allows anything to interfere with his duty towards his patients. He would sacrifice the dearest wish of his heart to that."

Even Mr. Weekes did not suppose that to meet him at the station had been among the dearest wishes of Dr. Fairford's heart. But he thought Eliza's hyperbole graceful.

"And now probably you would wish to see your room. Girls, show Cousin Isidor his room. Unless, indeed, you would like a cup of tea before dressing? We dine early;—country habits, you know. Can you,—*can* you eat your dinner at half-past six o'clock?" she asked with an insinuating smile. "It is a barbarous hour, no doubt. But we are rustics. Still, there is no law of the Medes and Persians on the subject. Should that hour not suit you it can be changed."

Mr. Weekes professed himself shocked at the idea of deranging their habits in any way, and declared that he should be perfectly ready for his dinner by half-past six o'clock. He found his room a very pleasant, airy bedchamber, smelling of lavender and rose-leaves. There was a bow-window, in the recess of which stood a writing-table and easy-chair. Vases of fresh flowers decorated the mantelpiece, and several water-colour sketches hung upon the walls. Celia and Imogen had marshalled Mr. Weekes to his room; and their mother now peeped in at the door to see, as she said, whether Cousin Isidor could content himself in that simple nest.

"Content myself, my dear Eliza! I am charmed! Everything is extremely comfortable and tasteful." And Mr. Weekes made one of his courtliest bows.

"Oh, that is indeed praise. And from *you*. I hoped there was a little taste shown. Splendour is, of course, out of the question; but we do aspire to a little taste."

"Mamma arranged your room, Cousin Isidor," said Celia. "At least she showed us how to do it."

"And those are mamma's water-colours on the walls," added Imogen with some eagerness.

"Hush, hush! foolish children," cried Mrs. Fairford, rising almost on tiptoe to put her hands playfully on her daughters' lips. "Do you suppose Cousin Isidor can care for my daubs? He who has seen all the masterpieces in Europe! Come, let us run away and leave Cousin Isidor to dress. You don't mind our calling you Cousin Isidor, do you? Mr. Weekes seems so terribly formal. Wilkins is bringing up your portmanteau, and I hope you will ring for anything you want. A warning gong sounds ten minutes before dinner. *Au revoir!*" And with that Mrs. Fairford gracefully glided away.

Punctually at half-past six Mr. Weekes went down stairs, and found the whole family assembled in the drawing-room. Besides those members of it whose acquaintance he had already made, there were Dr. Fairford and his son, and Rosalind, the eldest daughter. Dr. Fairford was tall and stout, with a clean-shaven face and curly, grizzled hair, which had once been light chestnut. His son was also tall; an athletic, well-built young fellow, blue-eyed, like his younger sisters, with a broad, intelligent brow, and a singularly sweet smile, which seemed none the less sweet for being rare. Rosalind alone of all the children resembled her mother in person. That is to say, she was short, with dark brown eyes and hair. But her figure was broader and plumper than her mother's—who, in fact, complained that Rosalind was *dumpy*—and she had a plain, downright manner, very far removed from Mrs. Fairford's.

The guest's reception was very friendly, although none of the party came up to Mrs. Fairford's warmth and *embressement*. Dr. Fairford was habitually rather silent, and the young man did not speak much more than civility demanded. But Cousin Eliza supplied all deficiencies of that kind. Mr. Weekes was quite content to have her for his chief interlocutor, and all the rest for audience. The doctor he treated with polite toleration. He was rather satisfied than not to find that his former judgment of Godfrey Fairford required no modification: "A dullish, plain sort of fellow—competent in the ordinary paths of his profession, no doubt, but essentially commonplace."

Once or twice, it is true, the doctor made a remark which caused Mr. Weekes to look at him quickly, and Mr. Weekes's yellow forehead to flush nervously. For instance, when Mrs. Fairford filled up an awkward pause between the courses by pensively contemplating Mr. Weekes's bald head, and exclaiming as by an uncontrollable impulse, "How unchanged! The fine outline of the head and brow,—how exactly the same as when we were girl and boy together! Is it not so, Godfrey?" her husband quietly answered, "Why, yes; the shape of the skull in the adult human subject is not very liable to variations of outline. I think it ingenious in you, my dear, to have picked that out." But the words were said in so simply matter-of-fact a tone as to lull any uneasy suspicion of irony.

As to James, Mr. Weekes deigned to notice him very little. A young man who had a taste for cattle and pigs; who had declined to enter a profession; and whose friends could think of no higher praise for him than that he had rowed stroke in his college boat, and was a good shot, could but be a coarse fellow,—what Mr. Weekes, in his superfine accents, called "a mere *animal*." His very name was distasteful to Mr. Weekes's ear. "Jim" he resolutely declined to utter. But even "James" was common, and without distinction.

Dr. Fairford had at least the negative merit of not smoking. Neither did he care to sit over his wine after dinner. So—this proceeding being found to be agreeable to Cousin Isidor—the whole party rose from table together. Jim went into the garden, where the summer evening was still light and fair, and smoked a cigar as he strolled up and down before the drawing-room windows. Dr. Fairford withdrew to his study, saying, "You will excuse me, Weekes; I make no stranger of you, and I shall take leave to do my work as usual while you are here." And then the women gathered round Cousin Isidor's easy-chair, and listened respectfully to a discursive monologue.

At length, in a pause, Rosalind said abruptly, "And how is Lady Milbury, and Enid, and all of them? I have been wanting to ask you for ever so long, but I didn't like to interrupt you."

"Good heavens, I fear I have been trespassing greatly on your patience!" exclaimed Mr. Weekes, with the quick sensitiveness of hurt vanity.

"*Rosalind!*" cried Mrs. Fairford, in almost tragic tones. "Dear Cousin Isidor, don't be severe on poor Rosy. When you talk of trespassing on our patience you are *very* severe. You know you must not speak with sarcasm to these simple children, or you will *crush* them. The fact is, Rosalind is much attached to Enid Milbury. Rosy"—in a lower, but still quite audible tone—"is the soul of generosity. She has no small resentments or jealousies. All poor dear Enid's little airs glide off Rosy without leaving a trace."

Mr. Weekes, mollified, but still a little flustered, protested that he had no intention of being sarcastic, and that in fact he ought to apologise for not having already delivered sundry messages of greeting with which Lady Milbury and Enid had charged him. "And I believe there was one from Charles Milbury for—*for* Mr. James," said he, observing that the young man had come into the room and was standing at his elbow.

"Oh, thank you. Is Charley all right?"

"Charles is, I believe, perfectly well."

"And—and—all of them?"

"I left Sir Peter, my lady, and Enid quite well."

"I suppose there is no chance of their running down here?"

"Sir Peter and Lady Milbury? Oh dear no; I should conceive not."

"Or Charley, or—any of them?"

"Charles intimated a hope—or rather a wish, for he did not seem to expect it—that you should visit London in the course of the season. But he expressed no intention of leaving town himself."

"It isn't very likely *you* should go to town, is it, Jim?" said Imogen.

"I don't know," answered Jim, strolling away again. Rosalind profited by the diversion of the general attention from Mr. Weekes to follow her brother, and their figures were seen through the summer dusk, pacing arm in arm down the garden. Presently tea was brought in, Dr. Fairford emerged from his study, and with a little more conversation, chiefly about Mr. Weekes's travels, the first evening of his stay at King's Casby came to an end.

(To be continued)



It is a sad proof of our intellectual frivolity that, while idiotic verse and worse than silly novels command abundant notice, a book like "Flatland, a Romance of Many Dimensions," by a "Square" (Seeley), should scarcely have been mentioned by the reviewers. People don't like to be laughed at; and "Flatland," for those who will take the trouble to read between the lines, is not so much an elaborate mathematical joke as a bitter laugh at the absurdity of supposing our view of the Universe to be final. The Flatlanders can form no idea of anything beyond surface; nay, they think it dangerous heresy to broach opinions about solidity; and, when our "Square," to whom a benevolent Sphere has vouchsafed a glimpse of Spaceland, dares to question the "truth" that Providence has limited the number of dimensions to two, he is clapt into prison for life. The little book is full of the subtlest irony; the whole account of Line-land, for instance, and of the vain attempt to give the king of that country an idea of surface, is delicious; so is the account of the inhabitant of Pointland who, like the great Ich of the German cloud-philosopher, "is himself his own world, his own Universe, without a thought of Plurality; for is he not his One and All, being really nothing?" and whose monotonous song is: "It fills all space, and what It fills It is, what It thinks that It utters, and what It utters that It hears; and Itself is Thinker, Hearer, Utterer, Thought, Word, Audition." The Flatlanders attribute all moral obliquity to irregularity of form: "Why blame a thievish Isosceles when you ought to deplore the incurable inequality of his sides?" None the less such irregularity, if found incurable, incurs death at the hands of the State executioner. The idea that, while moral truth is unchangeable, that arrangement of things which we call the Order of Nature may be something of which we in this state can no more form a complete conception than we can of "double extra solids," is worked out in a masterly way. The little book has evidently been the pastime of a mind of a high order; and we should much like to see it in the hands of "the intelligent working man;" for his guides, the Agnostics, need such a correction to their dogmatism quite as much as do the theologians to theirs.

"The Antiquary," Vol. X. (Elliot Stock), is an exceptionally good number, containing papers on the "House of Lords," by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and by Mr. Round. The latter tackles that very difficult subject, which a Lords' Committee in 1820 gave up in despair, the transition from Writ to Tenure.—"The Hazlitts in America a Century Since," "The Adelphi and Its Site," and Mr. F. E. Sawyer's too brief "Field Name and Toponymical Collections" are full of interest. We wish Mr. Sawyer had named "some parishes" in which the phrase "*Den-hire* lands" is used. We only know it in Cornwall of lands tilled after the improved, *i.e.*, Devonshire fashion.

Mr. H. G. Huntington has had twelve years' experience as United States Vice-Consul; and his "Florentine Notes" (Remington) show a thorough acquaintance with the subject. His remarks on social life and the cost of living are very practical, which, one would think, can scarcely be said of his advice to those who dream a rough passage: "Go to Italy by sea." Everybody will enjoy his account of last year's artists' ball, and of the battle between the basilicals and the tricuspidans over the restoration of the Duomo.

Mr. E. N. Buxton's "Epping Forest" (Stanford) is the only thorough guide to the wilder parts of the woodland. It also contains a sketch of the history from the times when Waltham was Wealdham, down to the happily-successful war waged against the encroaching lords of the manor by the Commons' Preservation Society aided by the Corporation, whom that resolute Common Councilman, Mr. Thomas Bedford, secured as its ally. In this age of statues we think Mr. Bedford ought to have one; nor should Willingale, the labourer whose stubborn clinging to his rights first attracted attention, be left unhonoured. Should not effigies of them, at any rate, form part of the Fairlop Fair procession? Mr. Buxton's pretty book contains excellent maps and pleasing autotypes of forest scenery. It also gives lists of the plants, insects, and animals still to be found in the district; but an index is sadly wanted, and there is no attempt at explaining names like Turpin's Cave, Ambresbury Banks, Hangboy Slade, &c.

Dutch iconoclasm, though it whitewashed interiors and broke the legs and petticoats of statues, has not marred the exteriors of churches like those at Alkmaar and Breda. Mr. A. Hare's effective outlines of these and other subjects are the best part of "Sketches in Holland and Scandinavia" (Smith and Elder). Some of his drawings, such as the typical tower of Helsingborg, are architecturally valuable; and though the letter-press is, as Mr. Hare admits, slight, it is pleasant

reading. He was, of course, struck with the quaint Dutch costumes and the Transatlantic inextricableness of Dutch hotels in regard to food and drink; and his picture of the dreary ugliness of nearly all the islands included, is very striking, and helps us to understand the anxiety of the old Vikings to get away from it.

"Europe," like the other volumes of "The Compendium of Geography and Travel" (Stanford), is based on Hellwald's "The Land and Her Peoples." The task of reducing the German work into harmony with the rest of the series has been carried out by Mr. E. Kellner and Mr. G. Chisholm, Sir A. Ramsay having edited the whole, and having added to it "The Physical History of the World," and "The Valley of the Po." The second part, on Mediterranean and the characteristics of the different peoples, has been left almost untouched. Hence we find a German amusingly severe on German nationalities, especially on that quiet bumpiness which talks of German truth and honesty and industry, as if all the rest of the world were idle lying scamps. The ethnological appendix by Professor Keane is valuable, bringing clearly out the confusion imported by the subject by the vague use of "Celtic," "Cymric," &c. The Professor differs somewhat from Hellwald in his use of these racial names, and he has a good laugh at Professor Rhys's "Brythonic" as a substitute for Cymric. The postscript, giving Professor Geikie's new view of the structure of the Scotch Highlands, should warn us of the provisional nature of some of our geological assumptions. The maps are on the whole excellent; but that of the geology of Europe fails to solve the difficulty of colouring. Owing to a bad mixture of the tints are so much alike as to be undistinguishable except in the clearest daylight.

Educated examinees are catered for, as in the book just named, in a way to make their fathers wish they had their young days over again, it is the same with those in humbler positions. The learning which a generation or two ago would have been regarded exclusively to the few is now brought within reach of every Sunday scholar. Thus "The Biblical Treasury, Vol. II.: Exodus to Deuteronomy" (Sunday School Union), gleams from the pen of a scholar like Captain Conder and Palmer, and from writers like Sayce and Dr. Geikie. With every passage is given the name of the writer from whom it is taken.

From the "Union" we also have both Captain Conder's "Primer of Bible Geography," which is based on the latest explorations, and is divided into periods from "The Geography of Genesis" to that of the Gospels; and Dr. John Kennedy's "Pentateuch: its Age and Authorship." Dr. Kennedy is sure that either Moses wrote the five books or there must have been a wholly unimaginable consensus of fraud between prophets, scribes, and rulers. Some people think it is not quite so certain that Ezekiel, for instance, would have thought he was sanctioning a gross imposition had he allowed Moses' name to be prefixed to a book which merely embodied what he held to be Moses' teaching. But from his own point of view Dr. Kennedy's argument is irrefragable. No Ezra or Jeremiah for him; he believes "we are shut up to the conclusion of entire forgery or entire truthfulness and authenticity." He makes much, but not too much, of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which the Gerizim worshippers could not have received at any period after Ezra's time. He also insists forcibly on the intimate knowledge of Egypt and the Desert which is shown in all the five Mosaic books.

Equally up to the level of the times is "The Churchman's Family Bible" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Part I. gives Genesis, with Commentary, and very realistic illustrations, which really deserve better paper than that to which its low price (sixpence) condemns them; the initials of the chapters, too, are admirable. It is a pity we are not told who are in each case the authors (some of them evidently old divines) of the various comments. There is a quaint intolerance in the remark: "It has been regarded as a sign of Babel when the Church attempted to impose on all nations one language to be used in prayer and Sacraments."

There is much wholesome teaching in the five little books describing, under the title of "The Perfect Home" (Sonnenschein), the wedded life, and in it the husband's, wife's, children's, and parents' part respectively. If the advice is mostly old, it is none the worse for that. It is well and tersely put; and these tiny volumes, daintily got up, will make a capital present for a young family.

Mr. James Platt's booklets are always worth reading; nor is "Poverty" (Simpkin, Marshall) an exception. In discussing Land Nationalisation, he says that the Legislature already interferes too much with our freedom of action, and that since the Statute of Merton four-fifths of our public Acts have been repealed mostly because they had proved injurious. He has no faith in emigration, which will only send up the price of labour and make us still less able to compete with the foreigner; but he does believe in co-operation, for are not the streets of Paris paved by the Paviers' Corporation without the intervention of a contractor? and does not the *Official Journal* divide all profits among its work people? He gives due praise to Mr. Barnett's work at St. Jude's, Whitechapel.

A man who can call himself the Alderfirst of Ababelton is naturally not afraid to talk of the "Magnity of Britannia," and of our Queen as Magnitress, or "Her Magnitial Majesty the Over-Queen." He would even substitute "God Save Our Over-Queen" for the first line of the National Anthem. To all our Colonies he would give Peers, the number depending (except in the case of India) on population. Thus, and thus only, can "Britannia Magna" (Wyman) become really worthy of the name. He has also a plan for reorganising the Great City of All London.

At the present time, when so much attention is being drawn at home to the colonies, it is interesting to skim over "The Cape of Good Hope Civil Service List" (W. A. Richards and Sons, Cape Town), by Mr. Ernest F. Kilpin, Clerk Assistant of the House of Assembly. This interesting little work is no mere list of names, but a carefully-compiled digest of the component parts that go to make up the complete organisation of a Colonial Government. It also contains the text of the various letters patent and commissions referring to the Government of Cape Colony, being brought to as late a date as the appointment of Sir Charles Warren as Special Commissioner. As a work of reference on internal South African affairs Mr. Kilpin's book will be particularly valuable.

"Abbott's Stock and Share Almanac for 1885" is a most useful manual for large and small investors. In addition to a diary giving the dates of the various dividends and drawings there is a complete list of the securities on the Stock Exchange, with their last dividends and short synopses of the financial condition of our colonies and foreign countries. Altogether a handy little work.



We entirely agree with E. J. Irving, the translator from the Dutch of "Koyal Favour," by A. S. C. Wallis (3 vols.: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)—entitled in the original "Vorsteungunst"—that his authoress has made great advance in her art since the publication of "In Troubled Times." The lapse of five years between the appearance of a first and a second important novel speaks much for her sense of responsibility towards herself and her readers; and the present is fully five years nearer maturity. As Miss Wallis seems to have chosen for her field the most ambitious order of historical novel, that is much to say; and it is not to be wondered at that, with all her diligence, talent, and power of

projecting herself into widely different historical characters, she still has a very great deal to learn. For one thing, she has to learn the real difference between a historical novel and a picturesque and idealised history; and it is to the latter category that "Koyal Favour" too decidedly belongs. The translator is again right in saying that it can be appreciated without any previous knowledge of Swedish affairs during the rule of Eric XIV. and of his Minister, Person, to whose whitewashing—a labour sorely needed—the work is largely devoted. But this ready appreciation will be found due chiefly to the authoress's power of arranging unfamiliar facts lucidly, and of bringing them into a common focus, rather than to what should be the case—the translations of historical shadows into live men and women. This she has assuredly not done; any more than she has relieved her stately epic by bringing the dignity of public history into the necessary relation with the private lives affected thereby. That is to say she is by no means yet a Dutch Scott or a Dutch Thackeray, even if her total deficiency in humour ever allows her to become one. Göram Person, for instance, is in her hands a type of the man of books and ideas transformed, against nature, into a statesman who has to rule in times of danger and gloom, who fails because he is bound to fail, and leaves behind him a reputation in contradiction to all his aspirations. The picture is a true and impressive tragedy, by no means without edification for all periods, our own not excepted. But it is always the type whom we study—never the man. He, and the rest of the characters, are perpetually *en pose*, as if sitting for portraits to be placed in a Court gallery. Under these circumstances, and considering the prodigious length of the novel as well as its naturally unpopular and unattractive subject, to have succeeded in exciting and maintaining a continually growing interest is a triumph that ought to be handsomely acknowledged.

"Souls and Cities," by the author of "The Cheveley Novels" (1 vol.: W. Kent and Co.), is the story of how a Congregationalist minister and his wife became the victims of slanderous gossip at the hands of what, we trust and believe, is an exceptionally odious congregation. However this may be, the author is evidently familiar with the most disagreeable aspects of which any sort of small society, Dissenting or otherwise, can possibly be capable, and of the details of chapel management. With the clerical characteristics of the Establishment, though he deals very largely in them, he is very much less well acquainted—to say altogether unacquainted would possibly be going a little too far. As a series of sketches of exceedingly mean and vulgar people, all the meaner and more vulgar from their professed connection with religion, the tale is fairly amusing. But it shares in the vulgarity it describes.

"Roger North," by Mrs. John Bradshaw (3 vols.: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is a fairly favourable specimen of the ordinary novels written by ladies; and it is taken outside the average, though not placed much above it, by descriptions of South American life apparently due to personal experience. Indeed, unless this is the case, there is no reason for their introduction, so far as the plot is concerned. The latter is based upon the not very new idea of a mistaken marriage, where a girl becomes the wife of a fascinating scamp instead of her true and worthy lover, being enabled to redeem her blunder at last by the kindness of the author, when the due amount of space has been filled. The tone is thoroughly healthy, excepting for the attempts to excite a little stale and morbid pathos over the unnecessary deaths of unnecessary children.

Nellie Fortescue-Harrison prefaces "So Runs My Dream" (2 vols.: Remington and Co.) by "stating boldly" that it is "only a dream story," and that "Dreamland recognises no laws, and possesses in its vocabulary no such word as impossible." Nothing could be more mistaken. The imitation of a dream is perhaps the most difficult of all imaginative feats, and depends upon laws which are certainly not the less strict for being infinitely more subtle than those governing attempts to reproduce reality. A dream is assuredly not imitated by concocting a perfectly coherent plot, with a regular beginning, middle, and end. Even the Zanolli-like physician is thoroughly consistent, and the child who, seeing a fiddle for the first time, plays thereon a little plaintive melody, a feat which such authorities as "Onida" and others have considered as well within human capacities. No doubt the fiddle plays to some purpose, causing an old gentleman to meditate leaving 60,000l. to the fiddler; but then violins often bring more money than that to their owners. And as to occult sympathies and coincidences, these are treated in that semi-mystical, semi-scientific fashion that has no place in a dream. If Miss Fortescue-Harrison wishes to excel in the literature of Dreamland, let her saturate herself with the spontaneous-seeming simplicity of the "Arabian Nights," and learn from them that, as Goethe has it, Liberty is only to be reached through law. And she might also remember that not even in dreams do persons who are not Quakers address one another in the second person singular; at any rate that they do not use both numbers indiscriminately. The tone of the story is exceedingly sentimental, and its style exceedingly fine.

There can be no occasion to criticise at length the third series of our old friend "Johnny Ludlow," by Mrs. Henry Wood (3 vols.: R. Bentley and Son). It will be quite enough, for the benefit of those who know him, to say that "Johnny" has in no wise fallen off from his power of telling a simple anecdote with pathos, or humour, or both combined; and, for the benefit of those who know him not, that the sooner they make his acquaintance the better it will be for themselves.

IN A SKYE SHIELING

A WOMAN'S voice bade me enter, cordially enough, but where the woman was herself I had no notion. Saturated though I was by the blinding rain against which, fishing-rod in hand—for it was just before the end of the season—I had literally fought my way to the shieling, I hesitated on the threshold. Outside, "Scotch mist" such as only Skye affords; and the interior of the shanty misty with peat-reek. Its sole occupant, as I discovered when my watery eyes became accustomed to the smoke, had a "cutty-pipe" in her mouth, and as there was no means of egress for the reek—chimneys being cold luxuries—it was little wonder that the shieling was even mistier than the moors. A miserable little peat-erection it was, at which the indigent Irishman would have turned up his nose. Over the roof, to prevent its flying away some breezy night, were hung ropes with heavy stones at each end, and it was renewed every autumn, the roof of one year being used as firewood for the next. I was, in short, in a typical Skye shieling, some six miles from Uig, and I had not long joined the old lady over her bright peat fire before I was convinced of the folly of making any further attempt to reach the Uig inn that night. My companion, who gradually assumed the form of a very wrinkled back-bent dame of some seventy winters, thawed under the influence of better tobacco and the unadulterated usquebagh, as provided by my flask, and the warning me against during the elements, described incidents that gave me a peep into the hard and even dangerous lives of those who seek to make a living on the moors and hills of Skye. The very river I had been fishing was the scene two years ago of a grim tragedy. The temporary clergyman at Uig had, with a companion, been suddenly overwhelmed, while fishing, in a flood such as the Englishman cannot well conceive. It had been a fine day in the valley, but ugly white mists wrapped the surrounding hills, and without a moment's warning the water came down in a torrent, transforming the shallow burn into a roaring flood. The two fishermen were in the middle of the stream, and for a time kept their feet

by crossing fishing-rods and clinging to them. Then they were swept away by the rushing waters, the one to be tossed exhausted on the bank, the other, the clergyman, to find a Highlander's grave. The recital of this melancholy story glued me to the ingle nook for the night, and a strange picture we no doubt made. The peat fire smoked, I smoked, the old lady smoked, and my drenched clothes positively steamed.

If my companion was a fair specimen of her sex on the island, the Skye woman is altogether an exceptional person. Several times I fell asleep on my three-legged stool by the fire, awaking with a start to find her talking to herself, the while she vehemently smoked. Between us we emptied a full pouch, and in the dull grey of the morning—she insisted on sitting up with me, and of course I forgot to wind up my watch—she smoked her first cigar. Our talk was of many subjects, we travelled "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and the great crofter question had its due share of attention. I found my hostess more guarded in her statements on the subject than the average crofter, but she was not slow to tell me the story of her own life, nor to exult over the fruits of the agitation. She had never been out of Skye, allowed that London and Glasgow might be bigger than Portree, but sneered at the pretensions of Aberdeen. Born, so far as I can remember—for I occasionally fell asleep—at Dunvegan, she had been carried off by a gallant wooer to Uig; her lover, who lived on his father's farm, already teeming with sons and daughters innumerable, thinking that one more or less could make little difference. Here she dwelt with her husband in a corner of the farm for many years, struggling desperately to make a livelihood for the family out of a patch of land hardly visible to the unaided eye. A pig, some hens, cats, and other animals shared with them this squalid domicile; and her husband was in his grave, her whole family grown up, before my hostess changed her dwelling-place. Affairs became desperate. First the pig was eaten, then the chickens, then the last potatoes, and then a harder landlord stepped in. Starvation stared the family in the face. Something had to be done. Two of the sons—one was married—emigrated, taking their only sister with them, two others refused to leave their birth-place; and the fifth made up his mind to try whether he could keep his mother and himself in life by becoming a man-of-all-trades. The shieling which afforded me timely shelter was a convenient centre for him during the tourist season, when he acted as a guide to Quiraing, but at other times he tried his hand at the oar, he was a skilful fisherman for a Skye man, odd work was sometimes found for him at Portree, and except in the dead of winter he was much away from home. But for her pig and hens, the old woman seemed to lead a most lonely life, though she never wearied of expatiating on the merits of her family.

Duncan was that night, according to her, far away at Sligachan in quest of tourists, but I have since come to the conclusion that on this point my hostess wandered from the truth. More likely was he at Uig, where, as I discovered next day, a crofters' meeting was taking place, at which his two brothers were among the prominent speakers. Duncan I gathered, was as determined to set the heather on fire as the most valiant crofter among them, but the old woman was ill at ease. When "the soldiers" came, she was convinced they would at least kill her two sons at Uig, and in her secret heart she disliked and dreaded the visitors from Ireland. When Duncan discussed the subject with her he may have found her open to conviction, but unless she was intentionally deceiving me that could only have been because Duncan was her son. She showed me a tear-stained grimy letter from her daughter in America, evidently one of her most precious possessions. Being in Gaelic I could not read it, but translated by her into very Highland English it struck me as the most pitiful letter I ever heard, though consisting of little more than "Oh, my darling mother, my mother, oh my mother" repeated a dozen times. In the morning my hostess cooked for breakfast the one fish I had succeeded in capturing, and it was at this somewhat rough and ready repast that I was told the difference between toddy, Scotch toddy, and Highland toddy. The first is two glasses of water to one of whisky, the second half and half, and the third two of whisky to one of water. It being a cold raw morning, I drank my friend's health in Highland toddy, pressed a coin of the realm into her hand as I said good bye, and shuddering my empty creel had soon left the shieling far behind me.

J. M. B.



MESSRS. RANSFORD AND SON.—A dainty little serenade for a tenor with a sweet voice, even though it be limited in compass, is "I Would Not Bid Thee Wake," words by Tom Hood, music by J. L. Molloy.—"Old Memories," written and composed by H. Elliot Lath, is a useful song of an ordinary type, and of medium compass.—A patriotic song of average merit is, "There is a Flag that Proudly Floats," written and composed by Frederick W. Holder and Godfrey Marks.—Four very good pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room, by Seymour Smith, are respectively "Woodland Rambles," "Sunny Showers," "Twelfth Night" ("Olde Englyshe Danse"), and "Homeward" ("The Volunteers' March").—Equally to be commended are two pieces by F. Burgmüller, entitled "Abendglocken auf Kloster Panz" and "Ob Ich Die Liebe? Frage die Sterne."—A meet companion for the above is "Abschieds-Gruss," a romance, by J. Löw.—For a juvenile player, "The Flower of the Forest March," by J. Sterling, will prove a great favourite; it is not only easy but melodious.—"Silver Snowflakes" is the appropriate title of a *morceau de salon* for the pianoforte, by Gennaro Bisaccia.

MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER AND CO.—A sacred song which will make its mark in musical circles is "Jerusalem," written and composed by Netta and Henry Parker, it is arranged with chorus *ad lib.* and accompaniment for harp or organ, published in three keys; good declamatory powers are needful to do justice to this song.—By the same *collaborateurs* is "The Golden Path," with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.*, published in four keys; although not quite equal in merit to "Jerusalem," it will find many admirers and well deserve them.—One of the best of many good songs composed by Odoardo Barri is "The Beateous Song" ("Come unto Me"), with harmonium or organ obbligato *ad lib.*; the reverential words by Lindsay Lennox. This narrative song is published in four keys.—By the same composer, a marked contrast to the above, is "The Shilling," a cheerful tale of a sailor and his lassie, which will serve as a very good encore for a more serious song.—"Love's Legacy," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and J. Stuart Crook, is a pathetic address from a mourner to his lost love's tress of golden hair.—Of the same sad type is "By the River's Side," written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and J. S. Stuart Crook.—The batch of dance music from the above firm is tuneful, and the time is well marked in all cases. It consists of four sets of waltzes: "The Ethel," by Edgar de Valmency; "The Cerise," by Charles Deacon; "La Salutation," by Louis H. d'Egville; and "Maiden Dreams," by E. Bucalossi. There is nothing very new in either of the four sets; but we must only look for a novelty now and then in the waltz school, which is so popular with composers, good, bad, and indifferent.—No. III. of J. B. Cramer and Co.'s "Dance Album" contains nine very good examples of music, more or less popular, and will always



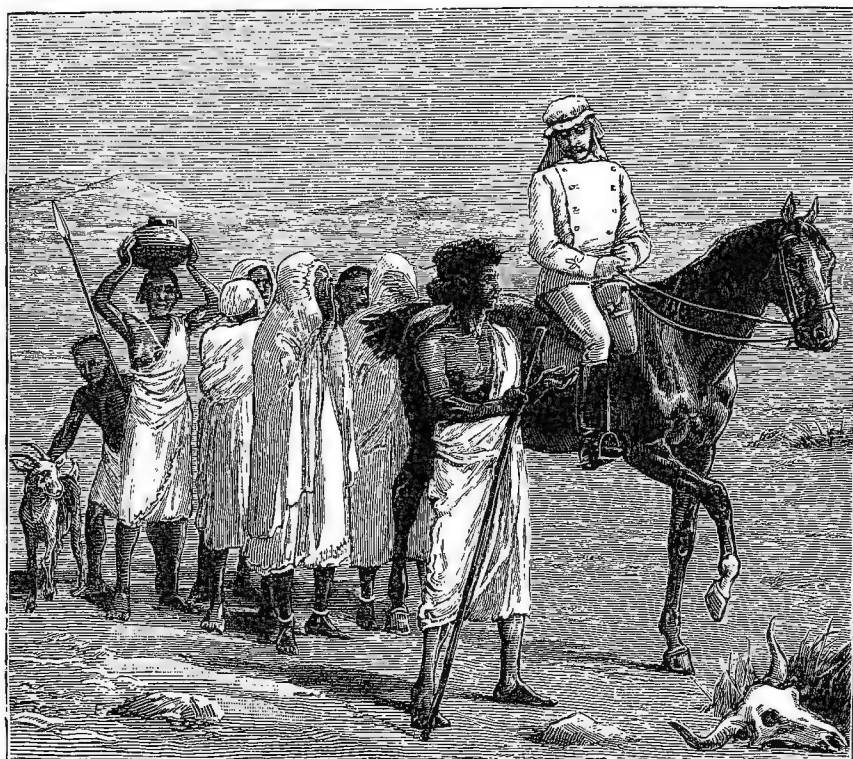
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PHILIP HOMAN EYRE
South Staffordshire Regiment
Killed at the Battle of Kibek on the Nile, Feb. 10



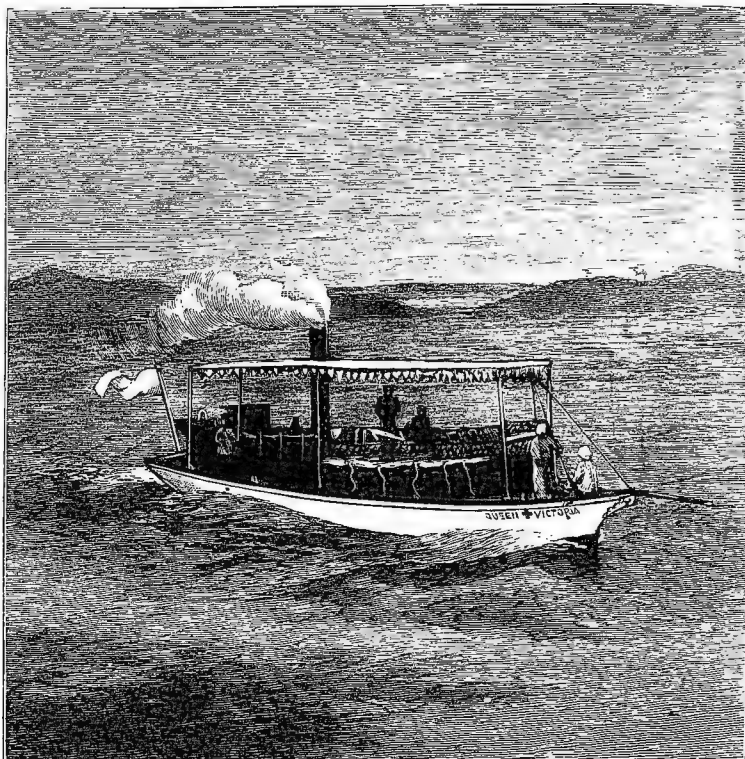
PRINCE HASSAN OF EGYPT
Brother of the Khédive, and Lately Appointed High Commissioner
with Lord Wolseley in the Soudan



M. LESSAR
Now in London as Russian Commissioner on the Afghan
Frontier Question



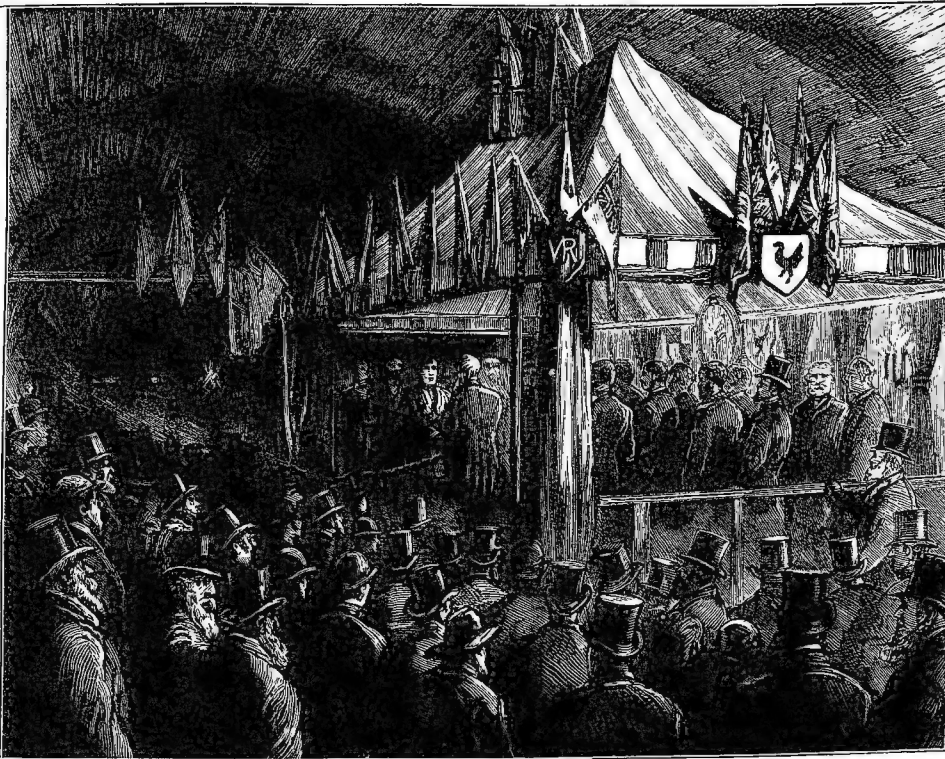
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—A REBEL GIVING HIMSELF UP WITH HIS FAMILY AT SUAKIM
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



THE STEAM LAUNCH "QUEEN VICTORIA," OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AID
TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN WAR, NOW AT WORK ON THE NILE

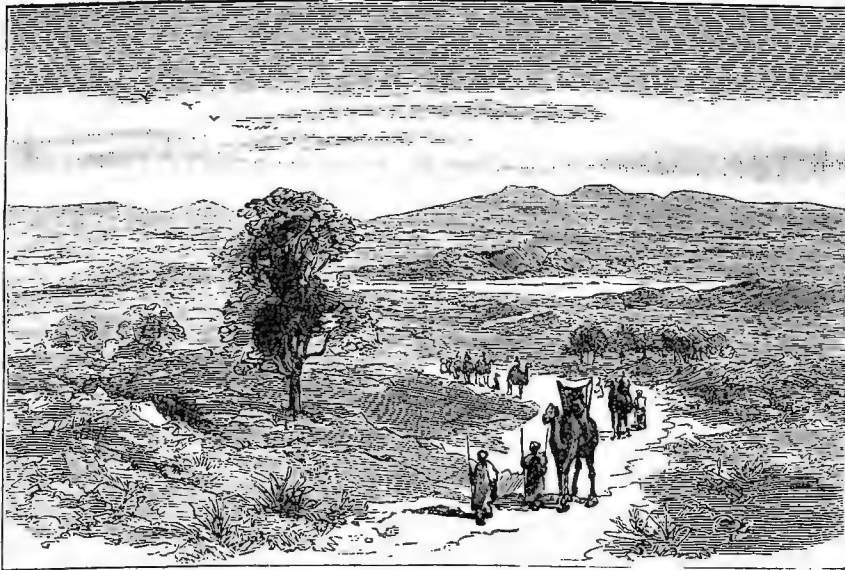


OFFICIALS AND DIRECTORS ARRIVING ON TROLLEYS

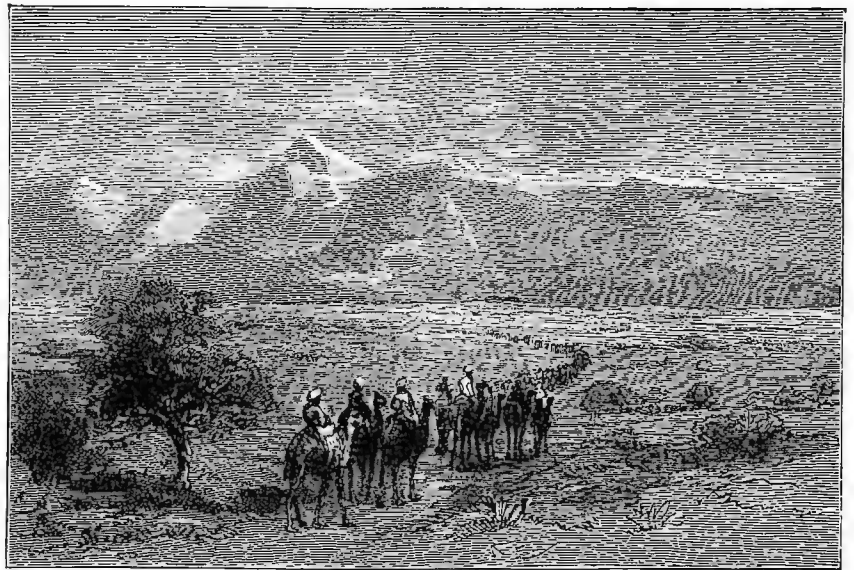


THE MAYORS OF LIVERPOOL AND BIRKENHEAD JOINING HANDS IN THE TUNNEL AT THE
BOUNDARY BETWEEN CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE

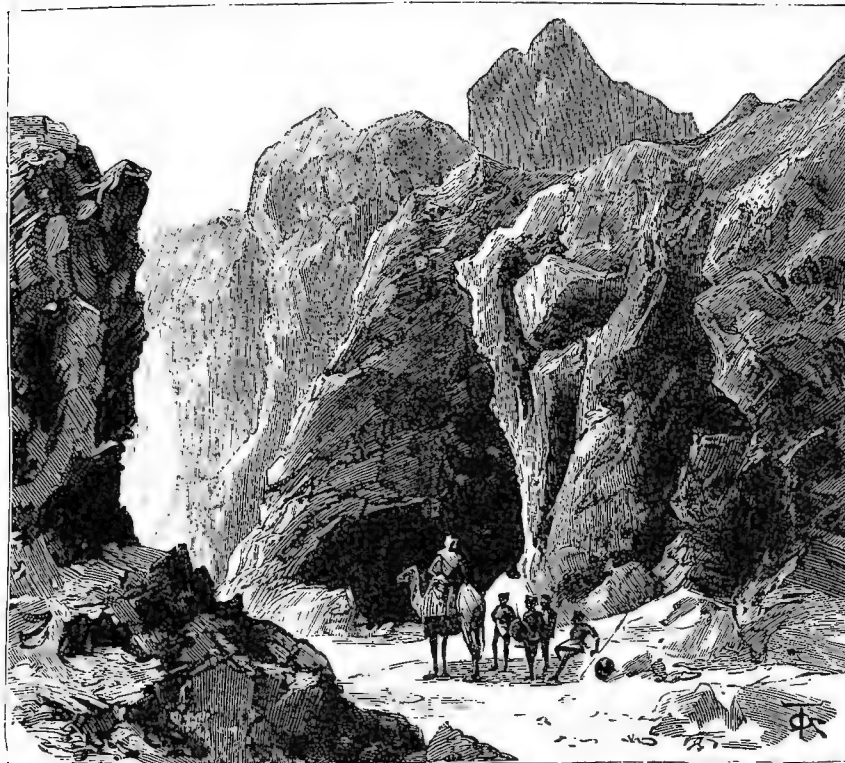
THE RAILWAY TUNNEL UNDER THE MERSEY



DESERT NEAR ARIAB



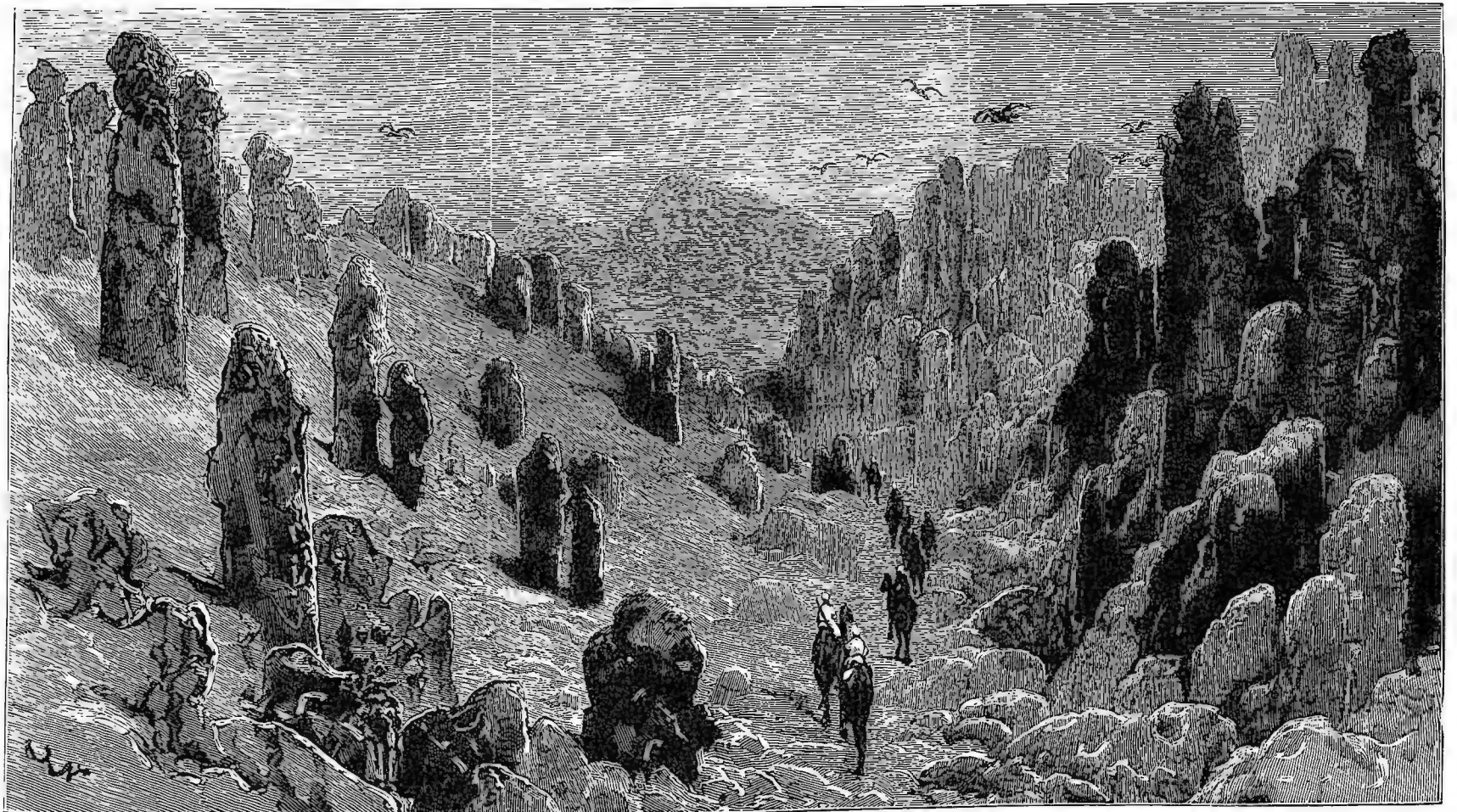
NEAR KOKREB



A RAVINE NEAR HARATRI



BETWEEN KOKREB AND ARIAB



WADY YUMGA, NEAR ARIAB

THE PROPOSED RAILWAY BETWEEN SUAKIM AND BERBER—VIEWS ON THE ROUTE
FROM SKETCHES BY COLONEL THE HON. J. COLBORNE, AN OFFICER OF HICKS PASHA'S EXPEDITION

prove of utility at a carpet dance as containing a *multum in parvo* of its kind.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Part 64, Vol. IX., of the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* commences with "Andante for Two Manuals and Pedal," by Otto Dienel; a brief, smooth-written piece. This is followed by a "Postludium Festivum," by Charles W. Pearce, Mus. Doc., which will serve for weddings and other festive occasions.—The same may be said of "Pastorella," by Paul R. Barclay; both being of a secular type.—"Andante con Moto," by Stephen Kemp, and "Sonata in D minor," by Julius Katterfeldt, are worthy of commendation in their respective styles. The entire number is of even merit, although there is nothing above the average of ordinary good work. Taken as a whole, the *Organist's Quarterly Journal* is the best publication of its kind, and contains amongst its contributors most of the best-known and unknown composers, English and foreign, of the period. It has just entered upon its seventeenth year.

A DAY IN FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE

ALTHOUGH Sierra Leone has been termed—no doubt justly—the "white man's grave," there is not a healthier-looking spot, taking it from the sea, on the whole West African Coast.

Indeed, it is difficult, even in the face of statistics, for the casual visitor to realise, as he gazes on the high land so suggestive of a bracing atmosphere, the danger incurred by even a few hours' run on shore. Passengers on outward-bound mail-boats seldom have an opportunity of seeing Freetown, as the prudent English skipper resents the heavy harbour dues levied upon him, and anchors well away from the lighthouse, merely stopping to send a boat ashore with the mails, and continuing on his course to Bonny; but homeward bounders are compelled to enter the harbour for coals and cargo, and I was not sorry, on the return voyage of the ss. *Biafra*, to have an opportunity of taking a peep at my "coloured brudders."

I was rather lucky in my day, for the town, which has generally a very dead and alive look, presented on this particular day an unusually attractive appearance, having been chosen for the nuptials of a coloured couple of some repute in the fashionable circles of Sierra Leone.

The church, a commodious stone building, situated on a hill immediately facing the landing-stage, was crowded to an extent that necessitated large numbers of ladies and gentlemen taking up their quarters outside, and contenting themselves with criticising their more fortunate neighbours, a duty which they performed with great apparent relish.

"Hi, you Salome, dah," said one lady, whose nose would have done credit to a bull terrier, "look at dem Johnson gals" (strange to say, Sierra Leone natives are always called either Johnson or Williams), "dem figures, dey no be real; dem busts, dey no be busts, dey be flannel."

This sally led to many others of a similar nature, in which the "coloured gentlemen" frequently took a part, one creating no small amusement by calling the attention of the bystanders to the bulky nature of another gentleman's trousers at the knees, which he attributed to the combined influences of a recent sojourn at the pawnbroker's, and a wife's dislike to ironing.

Owing to the kind courtesy of one of the officers of the West Indian Detachment, I was enabled to enter the church, and thus gained a view of the bride. She was becomingly attired in a blue silk dress and white satin slippers, the latter at least two sizes too large for her, which is saying a good deal. The bridegroom, who wore that look of calm resignation which people who feel that they have "been and gone and done it" not unfrequently assume, was gorgeously arrayed in a lavender-coloured tweed suit, set off by a flaming red tie and a large silver Jumbo pin.

There were seven bridesmaids, no two of whom were dressed alike, and they one and all, like the much-wronged Joseph, delighted in many colours.

I was particularly struck, however, with the appearance of some of the spectators, notably the mulatto ladies, who, except for the tell-tale predominance of lip, would have passed very well for Europeans, their complexions being in many cases lighter than those of some English ladies.

Not a stone's throw from the church is the market-place, where goods of all description are displayed for sale. I purchased some oranges and bananas here, at a high price, but found them almost uneatable. I also procured some vegetables called alligator pears, a favourite article of diet on the West Coast, but I could not tackle them myself, they were so very insipid.

There is only one hotel in Sierra Leone, and that hardly worth mentioning. It is kept by a Frenchman, and is the rendezvous of the homeward-bound "palm oil ruffian," who usually makes it his first and last calling-point, remaining there until the warning whistle of the steamer summons him on board, when, by an almost superhuman effort, he gathers himself together sufficiently to stagger to the landing-stage, and is rowed to the mail-boat, accompanied by large quantities of bloodthirsty-looking knives, clubs, and war spears, which he has purchased from the proprietor under the impression that they were native curiosities.

The streets, which are fairly broad, consist for the main part of small weatherboard houses, occupied by the coloured merchants, the poorer classes living in smaller cottages by the seaside. Outside the town there is a settlement devoted to such of the Christianised Kroonmen as have forsworn their native country for a British Protectorate.

The officer who had passed me into the church also kindly took me over the barracks, which are situated on the heights, and are by no means uncomfortable; but I presume few army men would pitch upon Sierra Leone as their station from choice, as, in addition to the unhealthy nature of the climate, it has literally no attractions, not even the usual shooting to fall back on.

As in Madeira one cannot walk through the town without a whole cavalcade of guides at one's heels, so in Sierra Leone you are pretty sure, if unaccompanied by an old resident, to be subjected to many annoyances.

First and foremost, there is the intelligent "darkey" from Sinor, who seizes an early opportunity of opening a conversation with you. He is a well-dressed individual, with the usual American preponderance of shirt-front. He has probably never seen America, but feels it incumbent upon him to adopt the nasal twang. He guesses that you would like to have a "look round," and although he is entirely wrong as far as "looking round" in his company goes, you do not see your way clear (the shirt-front does it) to tell him so. So he billets himself on you with the pleasant affability of a mother-in-law, and is just about as easily shaken off.

Although a shade blacker than your boots, he informs you that he is the only "white man" (unbleached falsehood!) who has been as far up the Niger as Timbuctoo, which sets one wondering regretfully why the Timbuctoo people were not cannibals.

He is a thirsty soul, and like most thirsty souls has forgotten his purse. If you are green to the business, you ply him with long drinks, but he is like the bottomless pit of the overfed dreamer, and you have in the end to abandon all hopes of making him succumb to Bacchus. You then try and palm him off on somebody else, but he does not see it, or, at any rate, does not do it, which amounts to the same thing. At last, in sheer desperation, you ask him what is the lowest sum he will take to strike out in a totally opposite direction to the one in which you are going. He tells you, pleasantly and dispassionately, and you pay it. Then, if he is an honest man,

—and, to give them their due, they usually are honest—you will see him no more.

Another and far greater nuisance is the "dash" system. The literal interpretation of "dash" is "a present," but it is a sad misnomer.

A man, usually a ragged one, comes up to you with—say with a bunch of bananas, and begs you to accept them. You think of the English apothecary asking you to "taste" one of his cough lozenges, but not (of course) to buy any, and you refuse.

The ragged gentleman is persistent, and to get rid of him, you express your willingness to buy the bananas.

No, that will not do, they are a "dash" (gift). You accept them, reluctantly perhaps (for the donor's hands are very dirty), and you walk on.

By and by you are again accosted by the gentleman who has "dashed" you, and kept you in his eye ever since, and you are asked for a "dash" in return.

If you are a close-fisted man you offer to buy him an equal number of bananas; if a generous, you offer him a shilling.

No, he will not take money, the bananas were a present; but he has taken a violent fancy to your cravat or pocket-handkerchief.

So have you, and you tell him so, and seeing that he still follows you grow sarcastic, and ask him if he would like your boots or your shirt. He smiles pleasantly at your little joke, but takes good care not to leave you.

Then you grow angry, and feel desperately inclined to call him a "nigger," but as in Freetown the penalty for doing so is 10s., you check your ardour, and retrace your steps, in no very pleasant frame of mind, to the landing-stage.

Here there are more troubles in store for you. You call for a boat, and are told that you did not pay the boatman who brought you ashore in the first instance. You know perfectly well that you did pay him—about three times his real fare, too; but feeling how utterly hopeless it would be to try and identify him from among the crowd of grinning "darkies" around you, who all look exactly like each other, you pay again, return to the mail-boat, and descend sadly to your cabin, with the firm intention of not showing your face on deck any more for the day.

Which resolution, as you have very probably caught a touch of fever, you are pretty sure to keep.

F. E. D.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE publication of Mr. Cross's most judiciously executed "Life of George Eliot" reminds us that one incidental, but very important, result of the modern postal system has been to make every one, to a certain extent, his own biographer. It has altered not only the quantity, but the quality of letter-writing. To our ancestors—say, a couple of hundred years ago—the writing of a letter was a solemnity almost as great as was the composition of his valentine to Mr. Samuel Weller. They took a sheet of foolscap, and, in a cramped and formal hand, wrote a series of cramped and formal phrases, managing sometimes, not always, to insinuate one or two scraps of news between the complimentary opening and the ceremonious close. So far as expression of character or individuality was concerned, they might as well have filled up two or three blank lines in a lithographed form, or copied an epistle from a "Polite Letter-Writer." Gradually a cursive method of handwriting combined with a regular and rapid postal service to render correspondence a less awe-inspiring affair. The material portions of the letter—news, opinion, sentiment, even levity and frivolity—encroached upon the formal and ceremonious portion. Men began to utter their very selves on paper, or at least to give familiar and spontaneous expression to one side of their very selves. The Ciceronian art of intimate epistolary communion revived and flourished. The modern who first sent a pun through the post deserves to have his name recorded among the most daring and far-sighted of innovators. So soon as free human utterance on letter-paper became a social habit, the task of the biographer was altered and in a certain sense lightened, though the mere bulk of the material to be dealt with was, of course, indefinitely increased. Biography became a pendant and complement to autobiography, and this to its infinite advantage. Post-cards and cheap telegrams are now threatening to place letter-writing among the lost arts, and once more to alter the conditions under which biography will have to be compiled; but we may hope that the day is yet distant when our present familiar self-revelations will be thus literally wire-drawn, and when we shall read on the title-pages of biographies not the "Life and Letters" of So-and-so, but his "Life and Telegrams."

A certain measure of autobiography is quite essential to a good biography, that is, to the complete presentation of a human character. To see a man as he sees himself is at least as important as to see him with the eyes of others. He may not be the best witness to his own character, but at any rate he has a right to be heard. Dr. Holmes has pointed out how in every conversation between two speakers, six persons are actually engaged, to wit, the real John and the real Thomas, John as he conceives himself and Thomas as he conceives himself, and, finally, John as Thomas conceives him, and Thomas as John conceives him. Now the real John, so far as it is possible to get at the very essence of any human being, is probably to be found by striking a sort of average between John's John and Thomas's John; and this is precisely what a good biography should enable the reader to arrive at. It should show us its subject as he saw himself and as his contemporaries (including his biographer) saw him. From these materials each reader must be allowed to reconstruct the man as his individual insight and sympathy may permit. We hear it constantly said of almost every noteworthy biography—of Lockhart's "Scott," Moore's "Byron," Forster's "Dickens," and now of Froude's "Carlyle"—that it presents the raw materials for a biography which has yet to be written. This is in most cases a grave misstatement. What remains to be written is a biographical or critical essay, not a biography. The study may be elaborate, judicial, authoritative, conclusive; it may supersede the biography itself in the hands of generations whose immediate interest in its subject is not very strong; but the original collection of personal utterances and contemporary impressions, however ill-digested, remains the true biography. The difference between a real "Life" and a mere literary portrait is well illustrated by a comparison between Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" and Boswell's "Life of Johnson." It is amusing to find Boswell praising the "Life of Savage," for instance, as the best biography ever written, unconscious that in his own work he was superseding for ever that form of composition, and inaugurating the new era of what may be called autobiographical biography. As a letter-writer, indeed, Johnson stands half-way between the formal and the familiar, so that his correspondence alone would have supplied but scanty and partly misleading material had not Boswell eked it out with his inimitable reports of conversations. When we come to Byron, however, we find the modern letter-writer in his full perfection; and in Moore's "Life," with all its faults, we have a genuine biography of the type demanded by a generation which is not content without an intimate and direct acquaintance with its great men.

Letters, it may be said, are not autobiography; but are they not, in most cases, truer self-revelations than any formal autobiography could be expected to give? Few of us could, even if we would, draw our own portraits without something of a pose, amounting in many instances to a positive grimace. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that there exists only one perfectly truthful autobiography, to wit, Benvenuto Cellini's, and that

is unintentionally so. Even Mr. Samuel Pepys, had he sat down of set purpose to draw his own portrait for posterity, would scarcely have been so unflinchingly faithful in his design. Rousseau's "Confessions" do not truly reveal the man himself unless we read them in the light of knowledge gained from other sources. If we know the true Goethe it is not from his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," but mainly from Eckermann and from his correspondence. A series of letters, on the other hand, written in many moods and to many people, cannot but abound in flashes of the most intimate self-revelation. We may pose at one time and before one correspondent, but we can scarcely be perpetually attitudinising before our whole circle of acquaintance. Suppose Mrs. Carlyle, clever woman as she was, had written her own life, should we have known her half, or one quarter, so well as from the three volumes of her letters? They form one of the most perfect autobiographies extant, and at the same time a model of modern biography, which may be defined as self-portraiture, supplemented and corrected by sketches from other points of view.

W. A.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"POEMS," by Edward Henry Noel (Elliot Stock), is, in a measure, removed beyond the pale of criticism by the fact that the author is deceased, the collection being a tribute to his memory by his daughter. He was evidently a man of cultivated tastes, who based his writings upon good models, but the morbidity of sentiment leaves a depressing effect on the reader.

The author of "Bramble Cloisters," John Watkins Pitchford (Elliot Stock), is evidently a genuine lover of Nature, as well as a keen observer, and a careful and musical writer. The result is a series of pleasant idyllic poems, which give a real sense of country life and summer; but Mr. Pitchford is not always happy in his choice of epithets, nor invariably correct. Foxgloves, for instance, are not "scarlet," and "delirious" scarcely describes the skylark's song fittingly. Still, the poems are *real* poems; "The Back of the Dell" is one of the best.

"The Dilem' Ditties," by Octavius Ebenezer Potts (H. Vickers), is a cheap reprint of what was hardly worth reproducing, viz., a series of rather feeble attempts to imitate Mr. W. S. Gilbert's inimitable "Bab Ballads." These latter attempts also appeared in the pages of *Fun*.

Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co. issue in two handsome volumes "The Poetical Works of Frances Ridley Havergal," edited by the deceased lady's sister. It is needless to inform our readers how popular many of the pieces included have become in certain circles, and the entire collection will doubtless be welcomed accordingly by admirers of the lamented poetess.

"Annus Sanctus" is the title of a collection of hymns of the Church for the ecclesiastical year, made by Mr. Orby Shipley (Burns and Oates). It will at once be understood that the compiler refers to the Latin branch of the Church. His work has evidently been a labour of love, and is good on the whole, although we think that better translations exist than some of those which he has selected.

In the Parchment Library Series Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. issue an anonymously edited work entitled "English Sacred Lyrics." The idea, which is not that of a hymnbook, is excellently carried out, and the preface all that such an introduction should be. If any readers, like ourselves, regret the absence of old favourites—say "The Spacious Firmament on High"—it must be remembered that even the most catholic editor is forced, in such a case, to be somewhat eclectic.

We should advise the author of "Alice, and other Poems," by Fred. Henderson (Jarrold and Sons), to keep to well-known metres for the present; there are few young writers strong enough to invent new ones for themselves. Also to curb a tendency to too ornate writing. He has a naturally musical ear and some descriptive power; "Sunrise" is about his best effort. But the sooner he brings himself to see that youth, and the flattery of friends, form no just excuses for the publication of immature work, the better for his chances in the future.

Messrs. Remington and Co. publish the fourth volume of Mrs. Horace Dobell's series "In the Watches of the Night." The contents are about equal in merit to those of the volumes which have preceded.

We have before us four little volumes of sonnets, by Edward C. Lefroy (Blackheath: H. Burnside), entitled respectively "Cytinus and Galingale," "Sketches and Studies," "Windows of the Church," and "Echoes from Theocritus." It is really wondrous how a writer who can at times produce such good, if not first-rate, work, can at others fail so strangely. The sonnets are careful and scholarly, at times something more; for instance, in the first volume note No. XVII., in the second, No. XIII., and in the third, No. VI. And just as we are admiring the author's taste and skill, we are taken aback by passages which are simply ludicrous. We put it to Mr. Lefroy himself whether "A Philistine" may not fitly be so described; and, not to multiply instances, what can be said for this:

Like that rude peasant lad of mythic times,
I press my beanstalk with illiterate toes (*sic*).

The "Echoes" are almost avowedly taken only from a translation, which may account for, *inter alia*, the scansion of "Hippocampus," but they are the least successful.

There is little either to praise or to blame in "Sorrow's Pilgrimage, and Other Poems," by H. A. Jackson (London Library Society). They are translations from the Roumanian, of which the first, under the well-known pseudonym, "Carmen Sylva," is immeasurably the best; it is a fanciful and tender little story. Long romances in doubtful hexameters, and poetical histories of little general interest, are not likely to find much favour in the eyes of the public.

Mr. Elliot Stock has issued a third and concluding part of "Eddies and Ebbs," by Benjamin George Ambler. We have on previous occasions commented on this gentleman's work, and I see no present reason to alter the opinions already expressed.—From Mr. Arthur W. Smith (26, Ivy Lane) comes a little pamphlet entitled "Hope, the Safeguard in Death," by "O. B. A.," it is described as a sequel to a piece of presumably similar nature, and is, as the title shows, of a religious nature, but has no poetic merit.

The authoress of "Waifs and Strays; or, the Pilgrimage of a Bohemian Abroad," Lady Florence Dixie (Griffith, Farran, and Co.), announces her tasteful little volume as "the production of a child." If we are to accept this *au grand sérieux*, the child must have been a singularly precocious one, and strongly impressed by the style of "Child Harold;" Byron seems to be coming into fashion again as a model.

There is some extremely good and even powerful writing in "A Vision of Souls, with Other Ballads and Poems," by W. J. Dawson (Elliot Stock). "The Ballad of the Dead Mother" is one of our favourites—it would not be easy to praise it too highly; evidently Mr. Dawson knows and loves his Northern literature, and we fancy he was thinking of "Svend Dyring," but there is not a trace of anything that could justly be called plagiarism. "The Ballad of Carew" is good, and would have been better without the needless refrain. Also there is much strength in "London," and as for "A Street Vision," we could envy the tender-souled poet who wrote it, especially the last verse but two! But why (page 68) was "Capernaum" substituted for Cana of Galilee, and why was it wrongly pronounced? We shall look to see Mr. Dawson again

CURRY CLUBS

IN a certain small town of the British Isles, much affected by old Anglo-Indians, there is an admirable institution called a "Curry Club." Once a week the members, all old Indians, meet together to partake of the succulent *cuisine* of the gorgeous East as represented by such delicacies as mulligatawny soup, *pillao*, and curries cunningly concocted from chicken, lobster, prawns, and wild fowl. They have also *kabobs*, or pieces of fat mutton fried on thin pieces of stick—after the Afghan fashion; but curry and rice is always the *pièce de résistance*, and a better there hardly could be. For this is not the curry of the British housewife—a tasteless mess evolved from a bottle of stale curry powder; but the real thing, compounded of the fresh ingredients, some of which are grown under glass in the neighbour hood, and others imported direct by mail steamer from the West India Islands, and even from India itself. And they have some particularly fine East India pale sherry wherewith to wash down their curry feasts, which are always followed by a rubbier of two of whist, and a modest tumbler of whisky toddy, with lime, not lemon, in it, after the approved custom of Baillie Nicol Jarvie. It is good to see the brotherhood, which embraces a toothless Collector, a bald general, a rheumatic Commissary, and an aged sea captain of the old Indian Navy, lapping up their peppery *potage*, and eyeing the door expectantly as the curry and the rice, in two silver side dishes, comes in, and it is pleasant to hear the old fellows discourse *con amore* of the distinctive merits of Ceylon, Bombay, Madras, and Bengal curries, with their proper accompaniments of *pylams*, Bombay ducks, *chutney*, and mango pickles. Invariably the conversation runs on the extraordinary stupidity of the British public in not recognising at its true value what in India is called "the food of the country," and what the great Alexis Soyer—no mean authority—described as the triumph of cookery—curry.

"Talk of your great tough, indigestible joints—laugh!" says the toothless Collector. "Give me curry, if you want the *mens sana in corpore sano*."

"And for hard bodily work there is no diet like curry," observes the rheumatic Commissary. "See how those coolies in India can run away with twenty stone in a *palkee*, a weight four beet-fed Englishmen could not even lift."

"For my part," says the Laid General, "I eat curry on principle. It makes the hair grow; and hair, as we know from Samson, is a sign of strength."

"I once curried porpoise," remarked the sea captain, reflectively, "in the Persian Gulf—what they make the boots and shoe-strings of now; and very good it was. But, bless you! anything is good in curry—even one's mother-in-law."

And certainly a stranger, dining with these old gentlemen, could have no reason to say otherwise, for curry, as concocted by their carefully instructed female cook, with fresh cocoa-nut, tamarind, yellow Nipal chillies, and many other ingredients unknown, was perhaps a better dish than is to be met with even in the best London club of the period.

I thought so myself as I walked unsteadily homewards about two o'clock in the morning, after losing five rupees to the bald general, winning seven rupees from the aged sea captain, and crying quits with the toothless Collector. But then the accounts were rather mixed—like the curry with the rice. My head swam—not by any means with lime toddy, and pale dry East India particular—but only with tangled recollections of sharks and tigers; of "Joe Hookum"—whoever he was; of the Governor-General's cook, and of the last Burmese war. So inextricable were all these details of a highly interesting and instructive conversation, that I could not for the life of me get the latch-key into the door. I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that I was a bachelor, and thought grimly what my four old married friends would do under the like circumstances; especially the General, who had no hair to lay hold of.

But I could not help thinking, next evening, when dining with no appetite on the monotonous "house" dinner of my club, what a blessed relief the Indian *cuisine* would make to the eternal roasts and boiled of a British dinner. A curry one can eat at any time, and the British youth is dimly aware of the fact when he supplements a heavy dinner at eight o'clock with devilled bones at midnight. But "devils," great and small, are not a patch upon curry as stimulating food, nor half as wholesome; for curry is a most digestible substance, which "devils" are not. Moreover, the toothless Collector, when singing the praises of the national food of India, was perfectly right in saying that there is no dish so economical as this. What does it consist of? A pound or so of rice, which costs only a trifle; a bit of meat, fish, fowl, or vegetable, according to taste, and condiments that could be purchased anywhere in London for a few pence. "What a dish for the soldier, the labouring man, the gentleman, nay, even the Prince, is here!" exclaimed the bald-headed General with gastronomic enthusiasm; and the General was right—if only they knew how to make it. That is not one of the arts they have taught at the Fisheries, the Healtheries, or any other exhibition. In fact, very few people, including Anglo-Indians themselves, know how curry is made. Yet every native boy and girl in India can cook a respectable curry if put to it, and from ingredients that would be frightfully indigestible if not put through the mollifying process of their *cuisine*.

I remember telling my host, the rheumatic Commissary, the last thing as we gyrated round each other in a fruitless effort to shake hands with our umbrellas, that Curry Clubs like his ought to educate the British multitude to the lofty level of an Oriental and highly intellectual culinary platform; and he was good enough to say that so they ought, only that he wouldn't have the British multitudes to dine with him.

Whatever prudence there may have been in that remark, it is unquestionably the fact that not one Englishman in a hundred has ever tasted real curry; curry such as a Curry Club only can show. The curries one meets with at English dinner tables are all made with curry powder, preserved in bottles, and are flat and tasteless. There is as much difference between these and a real Indian curry as there is between a salmon fresh from the ocean, with the sea lice on him, and a worthless old kelt that has been months in the river. Then no one in England knows how to boil rice. This is a laborious process to look at, but it is really very simple. Only a little care and straining is requisite to make each grain separate, not glued up together; yet on the perfect boiling of the rice depends much of the excellence of the curry.

Many of the ingredients used in curry, such as chillies, turmeric, &c., might be grown in any English greenhouse; others, as cocoa-nut, tamarinds, and so forth, can be easily imported from abroad, so that there is no absolute difficulty in making the curry stuff fresh every day, if only one knows how to mix it.

It is here that Curry Clubs would be useful in spreading abroad a correct knowledge of the Indian art, and to judge from the vigorous appetites of the old gentlemen above mentioned, and the agreeable anticipations they indulged in about the next curry night, there is good reason to believe that Curry Clubs would enjoy a considerable popularity. Once let the cheapness and the excellence and the easy cookery of curry be widely known, and we shall have the British working man and his wife forsaking their gross diet of pork and cabbages, and dining as delicately as a Rajah, and as sensibly, too.

The temptation to speculate on the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, should it become a curry-eating race, is irresistible. There is an absurd idea abroad that the Indian people are weak and effeminate

because they live on curry and rice. In the first place, the weakness and effeminacy are unproven. In the second, it may fairly be argued that those Indians who are less muscular than their brethren do not get enough curry and rice to eat. Anglo-Indians sometimes denounce curry as bilious and unwholesome; but this is no doubt because they devour it three times a day, and along with fish, flesh, and fowl served in the English fashion. Curry and rice is a meal in itself, and should not be mixed with any foreign school of cookery. Soup followed by curry is any man's dinner, and to eat curry, except at the principal meal of the day, is a mistake. Far from being unwholesome, it is perhaps the most wholesome dish there is,—in moderation. I have myself known cases of the most distressing dyspepsia relieved, and even cured, by persons giving up English cooked meats altogether, and living on curry and rice alone. And there are probably no finer or more muscular men in the world than some of those races of Northern India who eat nothing else. No, there is very little risk of John Bull losing his stamina if he betakes himself to curry and rice. We might rather expect to see him stronger than ever; because the bulk of our people in England have perforce to lead sedentary lives, and no doubt the dyspepsia so common in London is mainly due to an improper and gross diet of much butcher's meat. Some clever doctor has said that an ounce of digested is worth a pound of undigested food, but curry and rice is about the most easily digested food that there is. But prejudice is often strong against it, and sometimes for no better, or worse, reason than that old Indians have now and then a yellow complexion when they come home.

My idea of a Curry Club is that it should confine its *cuisine* strictly to mulligatawny soup, curry, and *pillao*. And it should import a good Indian cook to instruct others in his art. It should have a glass house in the neighbourhood of London to grow what was wanted, and the Secretary should put himself in communication with my good friend the toothless Collector with a view to discovering the whereabouts of his wine merchant. Not, I believe, that the old gentleman would be such a fool as to tell him; but the secret might escape in the paroxysms of whist. I should also recommend a plentiful supply of East Indian fruits, preserves, and sweetmeats in the club store-room, for some of these, if genuine, are really delicious.

F. E. W.

FREE READING ROOMS

THE most successful of the departments of the numerous (and still increasing) institutions which have been established under the Public Libraries' Acts is that of *free* reading-rooms. Open, as a rule, from nine o'clock in the morning until nine or even ten o'clock at night, the free reading-rooms are crowded. They are free as the streets to all who conform to the necessary rules and regulations, which are generally of a by no means stringent character. The prohibition of conversation, a request to walk as noiselessly as possible, and to use the newspapers and periodicals in such a manner that all may enjoy equal privileges, are the most important features in the card of rules, printed in prominent type, and suspended in various parts of the rooms. Comfortably heated and cheerfully lighted, and well supplied with the best of ephemeral literature, free reading-rooms form the strongest opponents to the public houses, and one of the most valuable and popular aids to education.

The users of the rooms are drawn from all classes of society. In provincial towns they are patronised by the residents generally, from the mayor down to the humblest steady-going labourer, who can just spell out the description of some soul-stirring scene figured in an illustrated paper. In the large centres of industry scores of the unemployed eagerly scan the advertisement columns of the morning newspapers, and are succeeded later on in the day by the quiet retired tradesman, who takes an interest in the money article, or replenishes his political armoury with arguments hot and strong from the leaders in his favourite sheet. Another eager reader is the student of the sporting news, for it is no use attempting to deny the fact that the Turf is one of the most popular subjects with which the daily paper so fully deals. It may be regretted and lamented that such is the case, but the writer, having had considerable experience, can vouch for the truth of the statement. In many reading-rooms it has been found necessary to limit the time allowed to each reader for the use of a newspaper or periodical to fifteen minutes. Such a regulation is required in a room with a limited supply of reading matter, and a large number of readers to be provided for. Instances have been known where a worthy old gentleman, with a day's leisure before him, has commenced with the births' column in the only copy of the *Times* in the room, and has conscientiously mastered the contents of every column before relinquishing it to another reader, although dozens of impatient readers have been reluctantly awaiting his convenience. Mr. Yates, in his "Reminiscences," quotes a letter giving an account of the selfishness of the late Bishop Wilberforce, who made himself to be cordially detested in the club reading-room through his habit of monopolising the whole of the most interesting papers. The Bishop has many humble imitators, for every news-room contains an example. He is the man who will sit upon one of the comic papers, hiding a second within the cover of *The Graphic* he is so carefully reading, and at the same time is watching an opportunity of seizing upon another of the illustrated weeklies. A pleasing contrast is the obliging reader, who will at once give place to the busy man of business, who is anxious to glance for a moment at the report of a law case in which he is particularly interested.

The industrious mechanic or engineer drops in to look at the organs of his trade, and carefully observes the diagrams placed for better inspection upon the black-board. Side by side with the mechanic sits an architect, a builder, or perhaps an architectural student or artisan, also intent upon one of the numerous journals devoted to their particular interests. The official journal of patents is not neglected, and students of science find much to learn in the high-class scientific periodicals provided. Young men and old, natives of neighbouring towns and districts, are deeply interested in the local newspapers published in their native towns. To them the columns of obscure (and to the general reader exceedingly uninteresting) events possess great charms, and they delightedly observe that an old school friend has been elected a member of the Town Council, married, or had a legacy bequeathed to him. Such readers also sorrowfully note that their old master, sweetheart, or relative figures in a few brief lines in the notices of deaths, &c. It is a source of satisfaction to know that, no matter how unimportant the little "weekly" may appear to the many, yet to a few it possesses a far greater charm than one of the great "dailies."

The domestic servant out of a situation shyly visits the room, abashed at seeing the place crowded with men and boys, and not one of her own sex present except herself. She is anxious to obtain a situation in a great town, nay, even timidly looks forward to reaching the great City itself, and so she spells through the long lists of "servants wanted." The governess is another and not unusual visitor to the free reading-rooms. In several of the provincial free libraries a separate ladies' reading-room is provided. The fashion papers, domestic magazines, and a few newspapers are supplied, and any additional wished-for periodical is brought to the lady reader by an assistant, who fetches it from the general reading-room. The ladies' rooms have proved an unqualified success, and it is to be hoped will become more general.

The behaviour of the visitors is, on the whole, admirable, and there are few causes of complaint. The janitor has little difficulty in keeping order, and obtains the willing support of the majority of

the readers in his endeavours to do so. An unwelcome visitor is the brazen-faced tramp, who has discovered that even he is tolerated if passably clean and orderly, but who occasionally oversteps the bounds of sobriety, and, primed with strong liquor, pesters the users of the reading-room with an application for stray coppers. When discovered, he is unceremoniously expelled, and forbidden to visit the room again. But he is as unusual a visitor as he is unwelcome, and is only mentioned to show that the rooms are what they were originally intended to be, *free* to all comers who behave with decency. In the large towns, in addition to a central reading-room of great size, there are several branch rooms, all containing a selection of the best newspapers and magazines. That these rooms should be visited every year by hundreds of thousands of readers is a credit to the English nation, and is a striking proof that, wherever increased educational facilities are provided, there are large numbers of intelligent artisans and workmen ready to avail themselves of the privileges.

S. S.

BASS FISHING IN NORTH WALES

THE glorious sport of salmon fishing is familiar to every one by hearsay, but it is unfortunately very few of us who have pursued long enough to enjoy the most expensive of all angling pursuits. Nevertheless, there is a fish but little known to Cockney anglers that is no bad imitation of the king of fishes as regards the "play" he gives, or the excitement attending his capture, and common enough round the English coasts in the summer months, but especially so in the leafy month of June. I allude to the bass, a fine, handsome fish, running up to 20 lbs. and more, though more often caught of the weight of 10 lbs. or under. There are many modes of bass fishing. On the Devonshire coasts they pursue him from boats, and use whipping lines as they do for pollack and mackerel. Sometimes, when a shoal of bass is seen playing on the surface, the boat makes for the shoal, when, for a short time, rare sport may be had either by towing a line astern, or by using a short bamboo rod and red and white flies.

But the best fun with the bass is to be had on the Welsh rivers, in the estuaries where they flow into the sea, and from the seaweed-covered rocks that jut into the stream in such situations. Aberdovey, at the mouth of the River Dovey, in Merionethshire, North Wales, is a famous place for this diversion, and I may say that, although I have enjoyed very fair salmon fishing on an Irish river, I have had more real sport in the Dovey—and for nothing—when the bass were around, than ever I had on the very uncertain river in question. The beauty of bass fishing is, that when the fish are on the feed—and they are always hungry for an hour or two during the ebb and flow of the tide—they may be caught in numbers.

But then you must have the proper bait. It is little use—as I learnt to my cost—to fall a victim oneself to the gaudy lures of the fishing-tackle manufacturers, and to purchase all sorts of gaudy flies, glittering spinners, and fancy little metal fishes wherewith to delude the scornful bass. The fish will only—as one may perceive in very clear water—turn up his nose at them, give a whirl of his tail, and go off, I dare be sworn, with a grunt of piscine dissatisfaction. Nor is fine tackle at all a necessity of success. I spent a small fortune on salmon gut and plaited traces before I found out that the bass cared nothing for these things. In his tastes he is as unesthetic as the pike, and provided only that the dish at the end of the line is to his taste, he is quite contented with the strong and economical gimp that serves equally well for our freshwater sharks.

Now there is one bait, not generally known, that is as attractive to the bass as is salmon roe to the trout, or a slice of its own species to the mackerel. This is the soft crab, that is to be found—with some trouble, alas!—among the seaweed at low-water in the summer months. A bass is as fond of soft crab as an American is of terrapin, and he spends the most of his time, at high-water, grubbing among the seaweed—which is then covered—for his favourite dainty. Unfortunately it is much easier to catch the fish than the bait, though once you have a dozen or so of soft crabs in your bait-can, you may be pretty certain of getting, say, half that number of bass.

Small boys, I have found—at least in Wales—are not to be beguiled by sixpences into saving the fisherman the trouble of collecting soft crabs for himself, so there is nothing for it but to tuck up one's trousers, take a gaff pole in one's hand, and start off at low-water for the search, hopeful that by the time the tide "makes" again, a sufficient number of soft crabs may be captured to serve for the sport of the remainder of the day. I had to serve a tedious apprenticeship in bass fishing before I discovered the soft crab. The local fishermen know the bait well enough, but are chary of imparting their knowledge to others. They will—if detected in the act—even go the lengths of pretending they are fishing with the common crab, so plentiful on the shore, though it is almost needless to say that no bass will look at that creature, and for the very good reason that he has nothing on his bones. The soft crab, on the contrary, is fleshy and juicy, and a *bonne bouche* in every sense of the word to the denizens of the deep. It is, in effect, the female crab in the breeding season, and it is amusing sometimes to see the rage and show of fight with which the male crab resents the capture of his unfortunate better-half, soon to be turned into food for fishes. Having caught your crabs, the next thing is to know what to do with them.

The tackle is important, for it would be little use to throw an ordinary line with a crab at the end of it into a tideway rushing several miles an hour. The bait would not sink, and moreover it would soon be snatched off by the flukes or flounders that haunt the same localities as bass do. Every fisherman has his own favourite tackle, but for my part I use a gimp "Paternoster" about five feet long, weighted with an ordinary musket bullet, and having three sea-trout hooks sticking out at right angles from the main trace—"Paternoster" fashion. On each of these hooks a soft crab will be impaled, and to the gimp "Paternoster" will be attached about one hundred yards of good salmon line running freely on a large salmon winch. An ordinary salmon rod will serve the purpose very well, but a bamboo rod, being lighter, is to be preferred. The rod must be strong, however, because a 15 lb. bass is as strong, at the go-off, as a salmon, and will run out all one's line in a trice, and throw himself out of the water in true salmon fashion. In fact no angler would imagine it was not a salmon he had got hold of on his first experience of the fish, and I have myself played one for full twenty minutes, with the disadvantage, to the fish, of having a heavy trace with a round musket bullet attached to the end of it. Standing on the slippery seaweed-covered rocks from which a fall would precipitate the angler into the furious tideway, the great object is to throw out a good length of line clear of the weed and all other obstructions. To do this a few dozen yards of line should be unrolled off the winch, and carefully coiled on the ground, so that there may be no hitch when the line is thrown out. An under cast should then be made with the rod, when the weight of the bullet will take the line out, as the sailors say "handsomely," and without a jerk. A check, however slight, will jerk the three soft crabs off the hooks, and that would be a serious business, considering the trouble of getting them. With practice it is easy to cast a long line in this manner, and just as smoothly as one could throw with an overcast and a fly. Next, when the bullet has sunk to the bottom the line should be stretched taut on it, so that the "Paternoster" may stand erect, and the bait hooks drift straight out with the current. Then, if there is a bass about, the fun will presently begin, the fish being pretty sure to smell out the bait even at some distance off. Bass are queer fish, and very bold. Standing on the rocks over some ten feet



THE GRENADEIER GUARDS CHEERING THE QUEEN AFTER THE INSPECTION BY HER MAJESTY AT WINDSOR
REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE SOUDAN



DEPARTURE OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE



THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS EMBARKING ON THE "MANORA" AT GRAVESEND
REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE SOUDAN

depth of water, I have seen them come right up to my feet in their search among the seaweed for soft crab, and quite unconcerned at my presence. They are also very fond of rubbing themselves against stones or pier posts, probably to get rid of some parasite that affects them. They go either singly or in shoals, but in estuaries they are usually found alone. In appearance the bass resembles a coarse, scaly salmon, but he is a very handsome fish, nevertheless, when fresh gaffed from the water. In taste he is something like gurnet, and, though rather insipid when plain-boiled, his flesh is excellent in *bechemel*, or in the nautical "twice laid." With a good tide and good luck, it is quite possible to catch on a single rod half-a-dozen bass, of from 10 to 20 lbs. weight each; and I venture to say that there are very few rivers in Scotland or Ireland where a better basket could be made than that. But the scenery!—the charm of the murmuring stream, the woodland, and the meadows! It will be said, Well, the Dovey is a river, and the scenery of its estuary beautiful in the extreme, comprising mountains, hanging woods, and water clear as crystal. It is a salmon river—and not a bad one—higher up; but I must confess that, for mere sport, I preferred the certainty of bass to the uncertainty of salmon, and the pleasure of idling on the rocks on a fine summer's evening, with rod and pipe, to the arduous work of thrashing a river for miles, and perhaps without a fin at the end of it.

Aberdovey itself is a quiet little watering-place of the village pattern. There is fair lodging-house accommodation to be had, and excellent Welsh mutton. The place is easily reached by rail, either *via* Barmouth or Machynlleth. And besides bass-fishing there is salmon and trout-fishing to be had in the rivers Dovey and Dysaney, by paying for it. Two-thirds of the anglers for bass soon leave the bass for the salmon, and no wonder, considering the ridiculous artificial baits they use. There is not one in twenty who would take the trouble to look for the bait that alone is the killing one. Bass, it is true, will take lug worms and mussels, but *not* when he is engaged in searching for soft crabs. Nothing but the object of his search will satisfy him at such a time, which is the time we want to catch him off the rocks. X.

SOME BADEN REMINISCENCES

THOSE who only know Baden as it is at present can form but a very vague idea of what—socially speaking—it was twenty years ago. To the old frequenter, however, of this lovely spot, the difference is painfully striking; the cosmopolitan aspect of the place, formerly its greatest charm, has entirely disappeared, and, except during the temporary excitement of the race week, there is little or nothing, save the natural beauty of the site, to distinguish it from a third-rate German spa. Where visitors from every part of Europe used to congregate the native element is chiefly conspicuous; the guttural accent of the Teuton reigns supreme on the promenade and in the "Conversation;" nor is the spectacle of a row of matrons from Rastadt or Karlsruhe, busily employing their knitting needles by way of accompaniment to the music in the kiosk, an agreeable substitute for the well-dressed belles of bygone days, by whom a season at Baden was regarded as an indispensable feature in their yearly programme. At first sight the change is hardly perceptible; there are still the same hotels and the same shops as of yore, the proprietors of which are quite as disposed to relieve the tourist of his superfluous "marks" as they used to be when thalers and florins were the circulating medium of the Duchy. All appears externally the same, and it is only when you look more closely into things that you discover how wide a gulf—always socially speaking—exists between the Baden of 1870 and its shadow in 1884.

The period from 1860 to the date of the Franco-German War was perhaps the most brilliant in the history of this delightful resort, and there is no doubt that the reign of Napoleon the Third contributed largely to its prosperity. By the higher class of Parisians it was considered an imperative duty to put in an appearance there at least for a portion of the summer, and to profit by the thousand and one inducements seductively held out to them by the lately deceased M. Dupressoir, who had succeeded Bénazet as lessee of the bank, and who certainly deserved credit for the liberality displayed by him during his long tenure of office. One of his satellites for some years was a Frenchman of excellent family, but in such reduced circumstances that the post of inspector, with a considerable salary, offered him by the manager, was too tempting to be refused; it is, however, only doing him justice to say that he appeared thoroughly conscious of his undignified position, and, when off duty, lived in strict retirement, and associated with no one.

I have seen in my time a good deal of the goings-on in the play-rooms, but rarely met with any one—even the most fortunate—able in the long run to hold his own against the over-powering odds in favour of the bank, or possessing sufficient strength of mind to content himself with what he had won, without seeking to win more. One of the few players I remember, who not only netted a large sum, but actually kept it, was a retired tradesman who came over in an excursion train from Strasburg with two or three hundred francs in his pocket, and returned thither the same evening with a balance to the good of over 3,000*fr.*, which he invested on the following day in the purchase of a small landed property, and may possibly still live to enjoy it. Another instance of prudence—very involuntary on the part of the individual principally concerned—may be related on the authority of M. Eugène Guinot. A young Austrian count, who by a run of luck found himself a winner of thirty thousand florins, carried the money away with him, and deposited it carefully in his desk, fully intending to recommence operations next morning with renewed vigour. To his unspeakable dismay, however, the precious roll of notes had in the course of the night unaccountably disappeared, and with it his servant, an old retainer of the family, of whose honesty he had hitherto never entertained the slightest doubt. Ten days later, while the count was still bewailing his loss, the absentee quietly entered the room as if nothing had happened, and handed a folded paper to his master.

"Where have you been?" angrily exclaimed the young man.

"To Vienna," coolly replied Fritz.

"And my thirty thousand florins, where are they?"

"Perfectly safe. I felt sure you would lose them again, so I took them to your banker's, and the paper you have in your hand is his receipt for the money."

I recollect hearing of a droll story of a captain "en retraite" residing in Strasburg who had a passion for the "board of green cloth," but, being unable to indulge it from fear of his wife, hit upon the following ingenious method of playing by deputy. "A friend of mine," he told my informant, "is staying at Baden, and has invented an infallible system, the working of which only requires a capital of six thousand francs. I let him have most of the money, and he plays for both of us. As yet he has succeeded admirably, and every day I receive a telegram addressed to a certain hotel where I am known, and so worded that no one but myself could possibly understand it. Here," continued the captain, "is yesterday's despatch. 'Gustave arrived at two o'clock;' that means we have won two thousand francs; when Gustave arrives at half-past one that signifies fifteen hundred. Come with me to the hotel, and we shall see what has been done to-day." "Sure enough," said my friend, "there was the telegram; when the captain had read it he flew into a terrible rage, and after bestowing a long string of very unparliamentary epithets on the sender, handed me the missive, which consisted simply of three words:—

"Gustave a file!"

Among the many regular visitors who at the period in question never failed to pass at least part of the season at Baden, one of the most noteworthy was a rich banker of a neighbouring "Residenz," about whose early life strange stories were occasionally told. It was mysteriously whispered that his youth had been marked by more than one singular adventure, and that a duel in which he had been engaged had terminated fatally for his adversary; these reports, however, whether true or false, were known only to a few, and in course of time were gradually forgotten. He was an inveterate gambler, but a most unlucky one, playing by fits and starts as the fancy took him, and always at *roulette*; his stay in the room seldom exceeded ten minutes, but he generally contrived to leave at least two thousand francs behind him, after which habitual result he quietly adjourned to the closed gallery adjoining the Café Weber, and sat down to chess with a fellow-townsmen until dinner time, the stake being invariably limited to three kreutzers the game.

Another curious type was an Englishman, who lived about a mile out of the town, and was strongly suspected of being employed as a "bonnet" by the bank; a chair was regularly reserved for him next the dealer at the *trente et quarante* table, and there he remained for hours with a pile of gold before him, but never by any chance risking more than a five-franc piece. A year later, remarking his absence from his accustomed seat, I asked what had become of him; and learnt that, owing to certain malpractices, the exact nature of which was kept secret, he had been for some months immured in the town prison, and had subsequently disappeared no one knew whither.

Pre-eminent among the *habitués* were the pretty Princess Souwaroff and the lively Madame Ratazzi, the first perpetually flitting in and out of the play-rooms, and largely contributing to M. Dupressoir's yearly revenue; and the second charming a circle of admirers by her bright sallies and epigrammatic conversation. The literary element was chiefly represented by the Russian Tourgenieff, by Ernest Feydeau, in search of a *pendant* to his "Fanny," and by a constant influx of Parisian journalists, by whom every fresh tid-bit of "la chronique scandaleuse" was carefully treasured up for the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro*; while the lovers of music were gratified by the presence of Madame Viardot and Offenbach, whose *Princesse de Trébizonde* was originally brought out at Baden. It was no matter of surprise to those acquainted with this prolific composer's passion for *roulette* that the major part of his "honorarium"—a very princely one, for M. Dupressoir was a liberal paymaster—profited him little, and was soon swept away, not like the ram of Derby, "by the flood," but by the croupier's rake.

At the theatre—a most coquettish little band-box—we had alternately the Comédie Française, with my old friend Regnier at their head, Mlle. Krauss (the present *prima donna* of the Paris Opera) in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the farces of the Palais Royal, interpreted by Brasseur, Gil Pérez, and Madame Thierret; not to mention periodical visits of the Karlsruhe Company, who treated us to as good a performance of *Fidelio* as I ever remember hearing.

As a matter of course, the race week brought with it not only the "ban et arrière ban" of the Paris Jockey Club, but also a formidable invasion of trainers, book-makers, and touts; Chantilly was deserted by every one who could scrape together the money for a return ticket, and a place in a trap to Ifetzheim. Few if any German sportsmen then ventured to oppose the "cracks" from Dangu and La Morlaye, who had it all their own way, and carried off the various prizes *en famille*.

Among the spectators on the day of the Grand Prize (won by M. Lupin's La Maladetta) I noticed a little Frenchman whom I had often seen on the promenade, strutting about with an indescribably self-satisfied air, as if all the world belonged to him. Who or what he was I had no idea, for he spoke to no one, and appeared wholly wrapped up in self-admiration.

"You know everybody," I said to the vaudevillist Siraudin, who for a wonder had on that occasion temporarily abandoned the *roulette* for the racecourse; "who is that singular personage yonder?"

"Celui-là?" he replied, with one of his dry chuckles; "c'est un Monsieur qui s'appelle Contant—de lui-même!"

C. H.

A NIGHT IN A FISHING-BOAT

ONE autumn afternoon I stood on the brae overlooking the harbour of a busy fishing-town on the north-east coast of Scotland. Below me all was bustle. Women and girls were actively engaged in curing the herrings landed that morning; and beyond them were the fishers preparing to go forth once more to the open sea. As I looked at the scene thus presented to my view, I was hailed by a jolly fisherman whose acquaintance I had made. Would I come out with him to-night? I thought I would. It would be a new experience; so I went just as I was. In five minutes I was in my friend's boat. Amid a Babel of noises we pushed out beyond the harbour bar into the stillness of the sea. The sail was run up cheerily. It caught the breeze, and carried us on quickly. The town rapidly faded behind us, and soon a jutting headland shut it out of sight. In the boat idleness had succeeded activity. The brawny skipper, with weatherbeaten face and long yellow hair, sat at the helm; his five men lay on the nets chatting and smoking. On we flew, the water rippling round the bow and making a pleasant gurgling sound. We were to go far out; no fish was to be got inshore. So on we sailed till the sun went down in golden glory, and the bright stars began to twinkle overhead. All these hours the men had lain in quiet, and the skipper had beguiled the time for me by telling strange stories of the coast. But now the bustle began again: the nets were to be "shot." Donald thought "this'll be a cool place for the herrings," and the others agreed with him. The darkening waters were brightened by gleams of phosphorescent light caused, I was informed, by the presence of shoals of fish. Here the harvest of the sea could be reaped. So the boat's head was brought round to the wind and the sail was pulled down, leaving the mast bare and straight. The skipper holds the helm hard. One man lifts the body of the net to throw it out, while another seizes the thick back-rope to which the meshes are attached. A third is prepared to cast the buoys. At the word of command nets and buoys drop with a gentle splash; and in a short time a row of dancing buoys mark the course of the drifting nets. A sharp watch is kept lest some other boat's nets come across ours; but no such mishap occurs. All goes smoothly.

The boat is now brought bow on to the nets. The mast is lowered to a slanting position, and to it is fastened a lantern, whose light prevents our being run down, and helps our men to get a peep into the darkness around. Beside the lantern a man is posted as look-out. The rest of the crew go to the fore-castle, or "den," to snatch a hurried sleep. I was advised to do the same; so I went into the box redolent of herring and oilskins. I lay down on a mattress kindly placed at my disposal. Around me were stretched the five fishers with their clothes on. Sleep I could not. The rocking movement of the boat and the poisoned atmosphere proved too much for me. At first uncomfortable, I soon became giddy, and then speedily I was in the throes of sea-sickness. Heartily did I wish myself on land, but the regular swish of the waves sounding in my ears showed the uselessness of such a wish. I yielded myself to my fate. I could hardly keep from moaning; certainly I could not

keep from giving my companions ocular demonstration of my miserable condition. My state moved them to pity. One of them—a powerful giant of over six feet—came to my rude couch and tried to comfort me. In the goodness of his heart he began to croon some Highland ditty to cheer me. He could hardly have taken a less fortunate way of showing his sympathy. The weird, plaintive air of his song seemed to join the melancholy murmur of the waters outside in bewailing the folly which tempted me to spend a night in a fishing-boat. I asked him to sing a livelier tune. He responded with the gathering march of a clan, the refrain of which seemed to me not unlike the growl of distant thunder. Such harsh, dissonant music was far from inspiring; so I begged my kind tormentor to leave me alone with my misery. He then changed his tactics. Patting my body with his huge, horny, yet gentle hand, he cheered me with the assurance, "She'll be a cool sailor yet." "She" did not see any prospect of that prophecy being fulfilled, nor did "she" feel particularly anxious at the moment that it ever should. Donald now crept forward and displaced Angus McAllister, so my musical friend was named. He could not sing songs, but he could tell funny stories. Would I like to hear one? I groaned assent. So Donald told how Murdo and John had gone into a Glasgow cemetery, and disputed about the advantages of finding a resting-place in a graveyard so different from that belonging to their clackin'. Said Murdo: "I'd rather dee than be buried in such a place." "Well," rejoined John gravely, "it's the verra reverse wi' me, for I'll be buried naewhere else, if I'm spared." "Ha, ha!" laughed my friend; "isn't it comical noo?"

Horror of horrors! was it not enough to think of being buried for a night in the stifling "den" without having to weigh the respective merits of Highland and Lowland cemeteries? My evident lack of a humorous faculty made Donald turn away in disgust. Silence reigned again, unbroken save by the snore of my more fortunate companions and that constant swish against the planks of the boat. At last I sunk into the sleep of prostration, and dozed away till the quick tramping of feet overhead proclaimed the dawn of morning and the beginning of work. I rose and crawled up to the deck. Day was breaking, dim, yet beautiful. All hands were busy "hauling." For about three hours the nets, heavy with fish, were pulled over the bow. Some of the mass of herring in them was shaken into the bottom of the boat; the rest was left in the meshes till the harbour was reached. By the time the hauling was completed the sun had risen in all its grandeur, flinging a beauteous light on the world of waters, and touching gently the misty outline of the far-away land. The mast was raised, the sail was unfurled, and we merrily ploughed our way homeward. A fire was lit, and some of the fresh, fat herrings were cooked in a rude but pleasant way.

By this time I had regained my usual health and spirits. The terrors of the night had vanished in the gladness of the morning. I even began to think "she" might yet become a "cool sailor." The "take" was large, and hilarity reigned in our midst. Songs—no longer disagreeable to me—were sung, and stories, less sepulchral than the one given to me, were told. On, on we raced through the bounding waves, and with a fresh breeze playing around. The sun had steadily climbed to its meridian height, and was beginning to sink downwards before we caught a sight of the port.

At the entrance of the harbour we are surrounded by a little forest of brown sails belonging to craft waiting to push their way in. Our turn comes. Some strokes and some pushes with the oars bring us to a good berth alongside the quay; and my experiences on board a fishing-boat are ended. D. S.

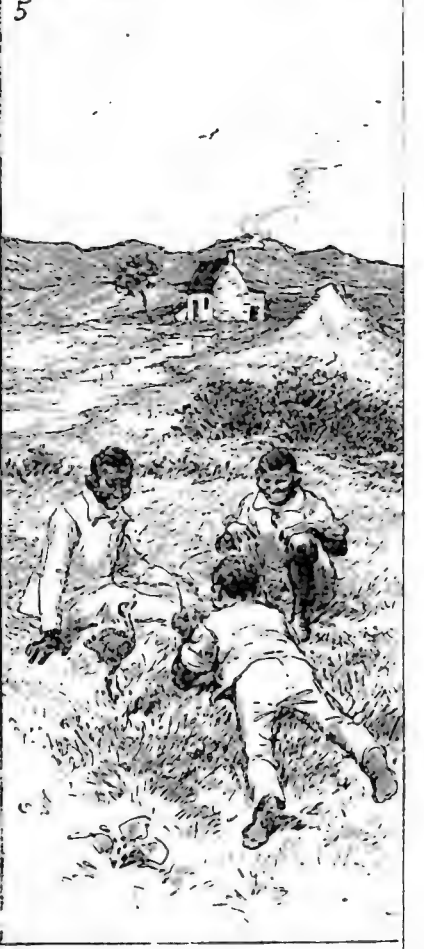
MY COLLECTION

I SUPPOSE that there are very few people, of course comparatively speaking, who have not at some period of their lives felt the impulse to make a collection, no matter what its subject, as long as it is a collection. This collecting impulse, if I may use the term, generally makes itself felt strongest during the early or schoolboy portion of our career, and is witnessed to, long after both impulse and collection have been forgotten, by the marvellous gathering of, say, birds' eggs or postage stamps brought to light in after years from dusty drawers. As, however, comparatively few of us have no ambition of this kind in our early days, so also few have either inclination or opportunity to continue in maturer age as collectors of anything except, perhaps, a family, and the wherewithal to make provision for it; although the boyish impulse which results in the possession of a variety of birds' eggs, and the loftiest ambition whose fruits find a resting-place eventually in the National Galleries at South Kensington, are in my opinion substantially the same. To the rule, however, which I have laid down I was for a long time an exception. I could view without the slightest degree of envy, or even interest, collections the most complete, and whatever their subject. Fossils had for me no fascination, autographs no peculiar charm, nor was I numbered amongst those energetic spirits whom we in our irreverence called "bug-hunters," who, armed with a green gauze net, would pursue science and butterflies across the meadows on the hottest August afternoons. I was, in fact, a collector of nothing, and I rather prided myself upon my singularity.

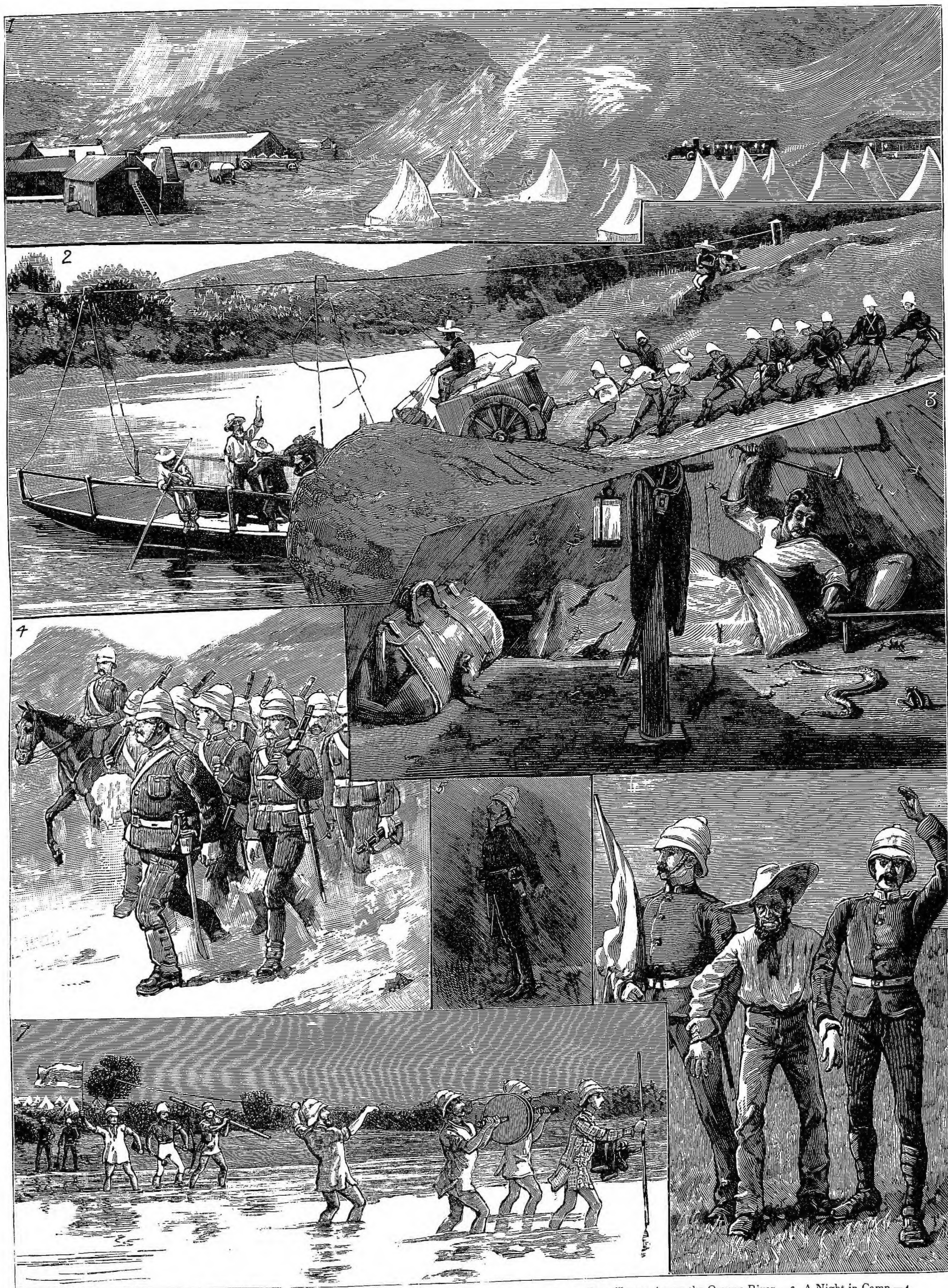
This, however, was not to last; the day was to come, and come it did, when I too felt the same ambition which I had often mildly ridiculed in others. Why or wherefore it was I cannot now remember; but so it was—it doubtless had to be gone through as much as measles or other of boyhood's ailments. I resolved that I at once would be proprietor of a collection; though, with the last remnant of my erewhile superiority, the subject, I vowed, should be one of novelty and originality. This was my *sine qua non*, and to satisfy it was a work of days and deliberation; but I did satisfy it, as I think my readers will agree when they hear the subject I now took unto myself. I became a collector of railway tickets. The idea appeared to me a good one, and it was certainly original; for I did not know then, nor do I now, of any rival collection in existence. Indeed, by the nature of things, such collections must be rare, for the official collectors of the companies give but little chance to their amateur brethren. And I am surprised myself to see the goodly gathering of tickets of every hue which I have got together, seeing that nearly every ticket in my book implies the evasion, harmless enough though it be, of the by-law in which most companies enact that "Every passenger shall show and deliver up his ticket to any duly authorised servant of the company, whenever required to do so, under a penalty of not more than forty shillings. I class my railway tickets proper under three heads—England, Ireland, and Scotland, with a separate division for foreign tickets; and it is curious to observe how the national characters of two of the countries are illustrated here; for of canny Scotland, in proportion to my journeyings, my tickets are extremely few; while Ireland, the happy-go-lucky, has an excess of representation greater than it is supposed to have in the House of Commons!

In forming my collection, there were two difficulties with which I was confronted at the outset. The first rose out of a question often put to me, whether I had any comparative standard of value for my tickets, such as there is in nearly every subject in which collections are made, or whether all my tickets were the same in my eyes, and one as good as another. Some sort of standard I certainly possessed, but one—in the absence of other known collectors—peculiar to myself. I found that I came to value tickets occasionally for special circumstances connected with their possession, but usually in proportion to the distance they were good for, and

"But it is quite right, sir," said the prompter, showing him the book.



1. Young Bob Scissortop Determines to go Ostrich-Farming.—2. He Purchases Two Fine Breeding Birds for 20*l.* (40*l.* Cash and a Bill at Three Months for Balance).
 3. The Birds are Camped. Bob Soliloquises: "If I get a Brood of Twenty Chicks, that's 120*l.*; Pay my Debts. Next Brood (Three Broods a Year), and next—
 Why, I can Marry Angelina in a Year or Two."—4. "Only One Chick? Never mind; next Year will make up for it."—5. Though Three Tractable Boys
 seem a good Guarantee for the Safety of One Bird, they have to be Watched, Nevertheless.—6. The Bill is Due, and the Lender comes to see how
 Bob is Getting on. His Chances are Diminishing Hourly. 7.—Death of the Cock Bird.—8. Ruin Stares Bob in the Face. He Sells
 the Hen Bird to his Friend Jack Bowler for a mere Song.



1. The Transport Camp at Orange River Terminus, Hopetown (Its Aspect in the Usual Dust Storm).—2. First Troops Across the Orange River.—3. A Night in Camp.—4. A Hot and Dusty March from Orange River to Langford.—5. The Energetic Sentry Shouting "All's Well."—6. Signallers Capture a Spy.—7. Engineers Laying the Telegraph Across the River.

WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN'S EXPEDITION TO BECHUANALAND
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER

Mr. Moses put on his spectacles and examined the passage. "Who wrote this play?" he cried, more wrathfully than ever.

"Why, Shakespeare, sir," answered the astonished functionary.

"Then," cried Mr. Moses, shaking his forefinger, "you may tell Mr. Shakespeare that he'll never write another play for my theatrey."

II. B. B.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL

GOOD Lord Shaftesbury has lately been saying how great is the good that Sunday Schools have done, and are doing. I feel refreshed and thankful that it is so, and take heart for my next Sabbath's task.

We read now and again of the young soldier, who, perhaps far from home, dying in some foreign hospital, remembers the hymn taught in the village school, in dear old England, on Sabbath days long gone by; or of the poor girl, who has been led astray, breathing her last in some chill garret in pitiless London, faintly murmuring the prayer learnt in her native village Sunday School. I say that, without this encouragement, small though it be, few would be found to give their services voluntarily on Sundays.

Strange as it will appear to the uninitiated, the greatest trouble is with the parents of the children who attend village Sunday Schools, for they seem to consider they are conferring a personal favour on the clergyman of the parish and his family, and, in fact, on all who take any interest in the religious welfare of their children, by even allowing them to come occasionally to the Sunday School. Any correction is in most cases at once resented by the parents, and the child comes no more to school. This has occurred repeatedly during the short time I have been a Sunday School teacher. The clergyman's wife on one occasion gave an unruly urchin a small shaking, the result was he never came again. At another time she called on the parents of the offender, and requested that "Johnnie" might receive correction at the parent's hands for gross and rude behaviour on the previous Sunday. Did he get it? Oh, no. It was all "Tom Dowse's" doing—their boy was not in the wrong. Poor Mrs. Rector only got a snub for her trouble, and "Johnnie" appeared no more. Tradition tells of a man who, years ago, used both fists and cane unsparingly, and had a school full of orderly scholars. If it be true, he must have been a man of rare force of character, but perhaps in those days parents were not so senselessly determined to show that Britons never shall be slaves, or so deeply imbued with the idea that Jack is as good as, if not better than, his master. The old woman who told me about this man gave me a whole list of past and present inhabitants who tried and failed as Sunday School teachers.

"Parson," she said, "tried for years, but he couldn't counter wi' um, and giv'd up years ago. Then there was Miss Smith as tried regular for three years, but she was forced to give in." She told me of Mr. This and Mrs. That and Miss The Next, who had done their best to no purpose. She finished up by saying "Parson's wife have stuck well to 'em." And so she most certainly has.

I shall not be accused of exaggerating the trials of Sunday School teachers in rural districts. I am simply stating facts, nor do I mean to infer that the teachers in towns are free from all the trials that make the Sabbath a very questionable day of rest to the moral instructor, for I am well aware they are not, as only a week or two ago I was comparing notes with a young lady who regularly takes a class in a large town. She told me they were almost as unruly, and would sometimes spend half-an-hour discussing the merits of the "litcher's" (teacher's) hat, or dress, comparing it with their own, and until they had satisfied themselves on the point there was a cessation of all religious instruction. I am not called "Titcher," but "Sir," yet I get no more respect shown me.

We have an extremely good school mistress, she does no work in the way of teaching on Sunday, and as she is not bound to do so, and knowing what the fatigue of the week must be, I am not at all astonished, nor do I blame her.

We generally get half-an-hour before the morning service, when the collect for the day is "said" by the assembled children—usually about half know next to nothing of it, regularly promising to learn it "better next time," which, of course, they never do. Little more can be done after prayers, taking their names, and attempting to repeat the collect before church time. It seems hopeless to endeavour to explain the meaning of the collects, as it is impossible to fix their attention for a moment. What they understand about the collects which they repeat like parrots, yet lacking the parrot's perfectness, I know not. Their only object seems to be to get to the end, and rapidly finish up with "Lordamen." Each child is advised and admonished that these are two words. The meaning of "Amen" is meekly explained. But, it is hopeless. "Lordamen" continues, and doubtless will continue. The collects having been got through, with occasionally a few lines of the gospel for the day, these unruly little bucolics go to church, the teachers endeavouring to make them start in order, and with some show of reverence. Alas for the result! They go tumbling and bumping each other, making the poor teachers, who try to marshal them down to church, nearly demented with their vain and fruitless efforts. I do not see them in church, but there I believe they are fairly discreet and well behaved.

The trial of the day, our afternoon hour, is usually occupied in saying the Church Catechism and Bible reading. The former is hardly so satisfactory as one could wish; the mixing and mingling of answers leading to a hopeless state of nonsense, the catechumen being utterly regardless of sense and meaning—invariably the same mistakes are made, and the same corrections given Sunday after Sunday. When asked their name the surname is nearly always given with the Christian name; the difference is explained only to require again explaining the following Sunday. The three promises of the godfathers and godmothers are never remembered, generally finishing with the ambiguous sentence, "all the days of my life's end." It seems hopeless to expect any other version. They never seem to understand the meaning of "poms." It was quite refreshing, a few Sundays ago, to hear one "freshman" say, in answer to this insurmountable difficulty, "There are only two poms in the place, sir; one so and so, and the other so and so." This explanation naturally caused uproarious mirth among the class, who knew this was a novel and incorrect idea, though never able, any one of them, rightly to give the meaning of the word. Allaying this uproar must have wasted fully five minutes, and very rarely is it that an answer is given without some ridiculous blunder. The catechumen does not hesitate to stop and join in the conversation that may be going on around, for which one ear, at least, is always kept. Only last Sunday I had requested a boy to repeat with reverence the Lord's Prayer. He began, and had just said, "Our Father, 'chart 'nevn," when he called out lustily, "I know her haven't, though." This abrupt break in the Divine Prayer was made because he who was repeating it had overheard that Mrs. Trundle's pig had ten young ones, and he, on the authority of Bill Trundle, had heard there were but nine! Five minutes more, at least, was necessary to dispose of this weighty matter. So we got on. When asked to explain the meaning of "trespasses," I invariably receive the same answer: "Crossin' a field as don't belong to 'ee." Taking God's name in vain is elucidated as "Swearin' at the 'esses when they won't go on."

One diminutive youth always replies to my questions with "Yes, mum," or "No, mum," as the case may be. Having a school-mistress all the week, he seems quite incapable of grasping the fact that he is being taught by one of the opposite sex. This piece of absurdity on the small boy's part is a never-failing source of hilarity to his fellows, and consequently of more loss of time.

We have a short Bible reading if there be any time left; here they simply read their verse, and count the verses until their turn comes round again, generally forgetting even then to go on; the time while others are reading is occupied by a variety of sports, such as sparring, snatching flowers from each other, eating sweets, and quarrelling with a free use of their fists. During the apple season, they come with a sufficient supply to last the hour—exchanging bites, and arguing on the quality of the apples. Not unfrequently in the autumn they arrive provided with nuts, or haws, the shells of the former and the stones of the latter affording ammunition with which they pelt each other until the hour is over, when the bumping and struggling to church again takes place.

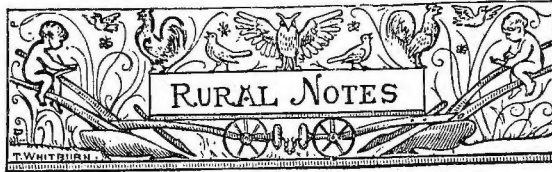
Can it be wondered that they know absolutely nothing about what they have been reading? The only way to gain their attention seems to be to read some interesting story, but it is not easy to find interesting and suitable tales for Sunday reading to this class of child.

All the short-comings and inattention of the children are, as I have said before, entirely owing to the foolish indulgence of their parents, and they fully realise from past observation that the teacher may bark feebly, but is perfectly powerless to bite.

Any appeals to their honour, or gentle feeling, are so much waste of time and words; they have no conception of good behaviour, when they do behave well it is simply the state in which they hold themselves from fear of being punished. One boy had the candour to tell me this was the only reason he had for comporting himself well during the week.

The unwearied patience and forbearance now exercised by teachers in Sunday Schools may possibly bear good fruit in the future; at any rate, it is only this faint hope that gives me courage to still continue a Sunday School teacher.

H. C. R.



FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.—The news that this baleful disorder has once again invaded our shores has caused a feeling of universal consternation among agriculturists. The outbreaks at Hull and at Deptford which have recently occurred do not appear to have extended beyond those places, the measures taken on discovery being very prompt. The reason why farmers' feelings can only be described by such a word as consternation is that the very fact of disease being imported from Germany, notwithstanding the stringent Act passed last session, shows that the Privy Council are keeping but a very perfunctory outlook for disease. Imports from Hamburg have now been prohibited, but disease appears to be rife throughout Germany and Switzerland. So that disease may well come to us through other ports.

NORTHUMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The balance in favour of this Society at the end of 1884 was 790*l.*, a result which to some extent was due to the remarkable success of the Exhibition at Newcastle. At the annual meeting last week motions were proposed to hold the Show at Morpeth, Alnwick, and Hexham. A division took place, and the result was that 7 voted for Morpeth, 81 for Hexham, and 108 for Alnwick, at which last-named place accordingly the Show for 1885 will be held on the 22nd of July. Mr. H. M. Fumers, of Ravensworth, was elected Secretary in place of Mr. Wallace, who retires.

THE COLOUR OF CATTLE.—Much interest attaches to the subject of colour by inheritance, the more so as rules are very hard to lay down. The common "rule," so called, is that a black or red, mated with a white, produces a blue or red roan. Yet a case has been known when a blood-red sire has begotten first a whole red, then a whole white, from the same white cow; and a white sire has begotten from a light roan dam a blood-red calf. With cart horses even stranger results in colour may be witnessed, and men of science have yet to tell us anything authoritative in the matter.

DAIRY FARMING.—Writing to *Carter's Farmer's Handbook*, just published, Professor John Scott says:—"The preference now evinced for dairy farming in many districts of the United Kingdom is well justified by results, this branch of farming having suffered less than any other from the prevailing depression during these anxious years. Milk cows in Great Britain have increased in number by 3.7 per cent. during the past year, and the United Kingdom has now a total of 3,764,903 cows. Looking at the total acreage of each country, I find that only about five cows are kept per hundred acres in England and Wales, two per hundred acres in Scotland, and nearly seven in Ireland, and about one to every twenty acres in Great Britain and Ireland combined. The Netherlands has about one to every five acres, Belgium one to every seven acres, Prussia and France one to every ten acres. It is plain, therefore, that there is yet room for a great extension of dairy farming in this country. The capital invested in dairy farming of the United Kingdom at 20*l.* per cow amounts to over seventy millions sterling. This great industry employs about 200,000 men on the farm alone, irrespective of those employed in town dairies and in the retail milk trade. The average cow yields about 450 gallons of milk a year, and at this rate the total milk yield may be put at about 1,694,206,350 gallons for the entire country." This is about forty-seven gallons per annum per head of population.

CARAWAY SEED is now recommended to English farmers for cultivation on three or four very good grounds. In the first place it is a capital thing for admixture with ensilage, in the second it has risen in price until on all ordinary showing it should pay to grow, in the third, its importation from Holland, when we might very well supply our own wants, seems a mistake, while lastly, its value as a condiment and the advantage of mixing some of it in horse and cattle food is attested by the best authorities on stock and horse feeding in the country.

SPRING SOWING OF SEEDS is not always advisable, but it may fairly be recommended in a season like the present, when the land is in good condition early in the year. The most common mistakes in sowing are covering seeds too deep, and negligence in forming the surface of the soil after the seeds are sown. Rolling the ground after sowing on a fine surface tilth is one of the most important points in sowing grass land. As to sowing down to grass without a corn crop, it has been put on record as the opinion of a very eminent authority, that if rape is sown along with the grasses and clovers, and the rape fed off with sheep when it has attained a fair growth, there is no other way of establishing a good pasture so sure and so certainly, and none which leaves the land in such a high state of fertility. Another thing to be considered on sowing down to grass is the necessity for determining from the beginning never to have weeds. The annual loss from this abundance of weeds is enormous, a clean pasture being the exception, and not the rule. Yet weeds and inferior growths can be fought and conquered by the judicious use of manures which only encourage the good sorts of seeds, as well as by other means. It must, however, be remembered, that it is not the docks and thistles, the sorrels and ragworts, the plantains, buttercups, and daisies that do most mischief, bad as they are. The worst seeds in pasture are

the bad grasses, and these are largely due to the use from first sowing of inferior seeds. The true economy of using only clean and pure seeds ought to need no enforcing, but nobody can walk far in a pasture or grass country without seeing that it does need all possible emphasis of warning and advice. Low germinating power is a characteristic of much inferior seed, and many new pastures have thus proved sad disappointments, the plants slowly dying out after about the third year, and being replaced by every variety of stray and rank growth.

HACKNEYS.—The Hackney Stud Book Society's first London Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 3rd and 4th of March, promises well. The entries include no fewer than ninety-six trotting stallions—a number greatly in excess of any display ever yet made at a Royal or a county show. There are also thirty thoroughbred stallions to compete for the prizes offered by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, for stallions suitable for getting hunters and half-breeds. The trotting mares will number some forty head. It is expected that the Show will be of the highest merit.

FARMERS AND WIRE FENCES.—The serious accidents which have occurred in the hunting-field this season by reason of "invisible" wire fences cannot have been pleasant reading to the farming class, who are at heart no enemies of sport, but rather the contrary. A correspondent has a practical and simple suggestion to offer. "A farmer knows, of course, every wire on his ground. He has only to get a shilling's worth of white paint; with this, in half-a-day a man could paint every wire he has, and he might give a dash of the same to each post where the wire is fixed with them, though the usual and still more dangerous plan is to nail it from tree to tree in the hedge." Hunting landowners would also do well to present their tenants with good rails for gaps.

HORSE SHOWS.—As the season for horse shows is approaching it has been suggested that champion classes, say somewhat on the same lines as at dog shows, should be started generally. It is also strongly urged that no horse should be allowed to take a prize that has not been *bona fide* the property of the exhibitor at least one month previous to the date of entry. The pot-hunting exhibitor is the bane of modern shows, of cattle to some extent, but at present principally of poultry and of pigeons. This restriction would knock away one of his most important advantages, and its general adoption would be to our mind a distinct gain to all exhibitions. It may also be mentioned, while speaking of horse shows, that very loose entries have been occasionally accepted during the past twelve months. In future it would be well to require a full description of the animal to be entered. A mere nomination should in no case be accepted.

HIGH FARMING.—We must confess to a feeling of surprise at the ordinary difference of expenditure between high and low farming being reckoned at no more than one pound per acre, yet the following figures, just given to the public, are according to the estimate of a very well known authority. "Expenses per acre under Low Farming. Rent and taxes, 1*l.* 12*s.*; manual labour, 1*l.* 14*s.*; horse labour, 1*l.*; artificial manure, 2*s.*; seeds, tradesmen's bills, &c., 1*l.*; interest on capital, 8*s.* at 5 per cent., 8*s.* Total, 5*l.* 16*s.*—Expenses per acre under High Farming. Rent and taxes, 1*l.* 12*s.*; manual labour, 1*l.* 16*s.*; horse labour, 1*l.*; artificial manure, 8*s.*; seed, tradesmen's bills, &c., 1*l.* 6*s.*; interest on capital, 14*s.* at 5 per cent., 14*s.* Total, 6*l.* 16*s.*—The low farmer loses most, relatively speaking, by the enhanced price of labour, as the extra outlay of the high farmer includes various labour-saving implements. Good manure, too, pulverises the soil, and renders quite superfluous some of the ploughings which the land ordinarily receives.

COUNTRY WELL OWNERS serenading the High Court of Appeal would be a scene calculated to cause some astonishment within the precincts of the new Palace of Justice in the Strand. Cause for real gratitude, however, the owners of wells certainly have in the recent decision that while there is no property in subterranean water, nobody may injure or alter its character to the detriment of others. So soon as a defendant departs from the natural usage of his land he becomes liable if thereby he injures a neighbour. The decision of Mr. Justice Pearson, from which an appeal was lodged, had been of exactly an opposite character. It is a trespass to intrude water upon a neighbour's mine by an overt act, but if the water which has naturally accumulated on the land of A finds its way into the mine of B there is no trespass. But if it is a trespass to intrude water upon a neighbour's subterranean premises by artificial process, the same principle would seem to apply to an intrusion of sewage into wells.

MAIZE for growing and feeding as a green crop in England has lately attracted so much attention, that it may be as well to remind farmers that maize only arrives at its maximum, or even medium, crops upon moist deep soils that are easily worked. Other things being equal, crops are usually proportionate to the manure they receive. In respect to maize, a crop which it is most essential should not be beaten down, or give under its own weight, it is especially requisite that the primary materials serving as manure should include phosphate of lime, plain lime, potash, magnesia, and nitrogen. Manures that are slow in decomposing do not alone suffice. At the time of breaking up the ground a dozen tons of farm-yard manure to the acre is not too much to supply, while at the time of seed-sowing the dressing should be completed by a mixture of about 2½ cwt. of superphosphate of lime, with ¾ cwt. of sulphate of ammonia per acre. In non-potassic and non-calcareous soils, the addition of potash and lime is indispensable.

THE PICTURESQUE WINTER ASPECT OF NIAGARA FALLS, so admired by tourists, does not equally please the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. This year the ice accumulations are so tremendous as to completely divert the water from its usual channels, and the waterwheels are quite useless, so that the population are nearly waterless; while, should a fire occur, the situation would be most serious. The ice mounds on the Canadian and American shores grow larger daily, swelled by the frozen spray from the cataract, and now reach more than half-way towards the top of the Falls. The smaller heaps near the Cave of the Winds resemble a group of white elephants. The ice bridge stands firm, and has a well-beaten path from shore to shore.

THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB is cared for nowadays in a very different manner from half-a-century ago, but still the opportunities are sadly inadequate to the need. Thus the Manchester Schools for the Deaf and Dumb at Old Trafford find their buildings and accommodation far too small, and propose to make additions and alterations so as to admit thirty-five more pupils, and increase the teaching staff. Since its foundation in 1823 the Schools have already once moved their quarters—from Salford to Old Trafford, but they are now cramped in every way, while only one-third of the applicants can be admitted. Although there are 600 deaf and dumb children of school age in the area embraced by this and the Liverpool Institution, only 291 can be taken in the two schools, thus leaving one-half unprovided for. The proposed alterations would cost £9,000, and as the annual expenditure frequently exceeds the subscriptions, the Committee are unwilling to fall back upon the invested capital, and plead for public help. Donations to be sent to Oliver Heywood, Esq., J.P., Treasurer, Manchester and Salford Bank, St. Ann Street, Manchester.

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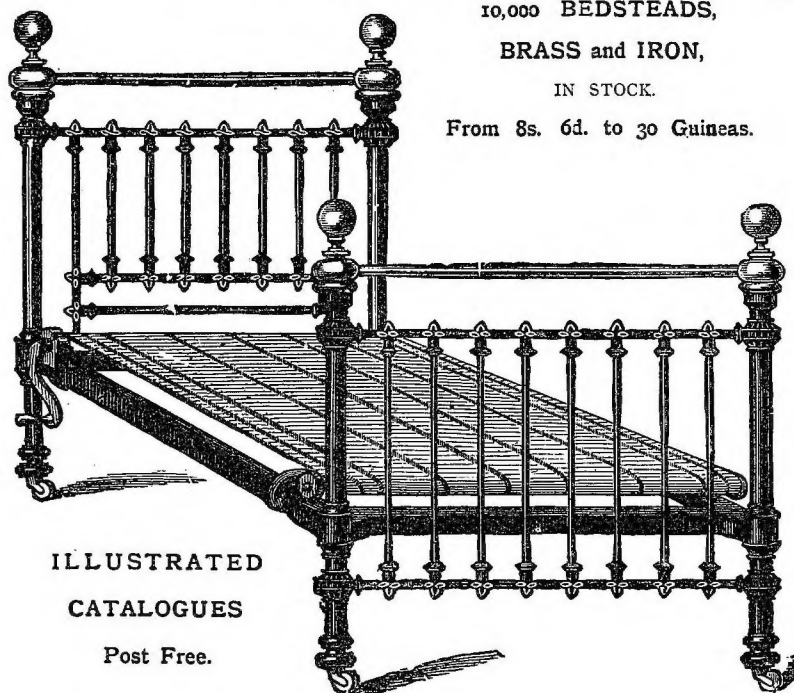
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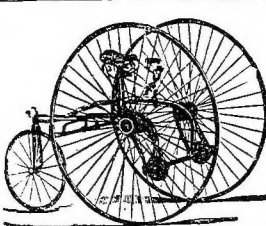
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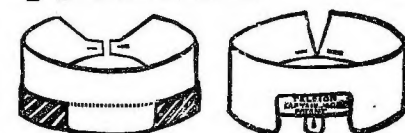


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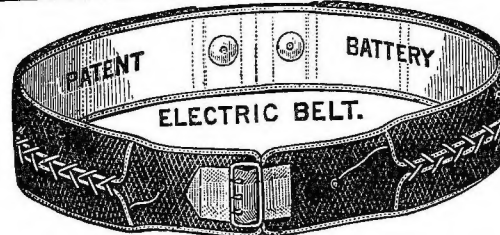
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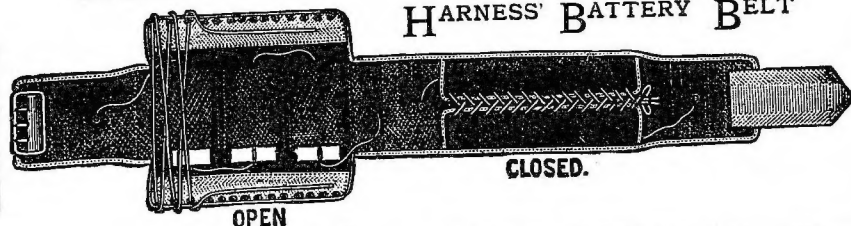
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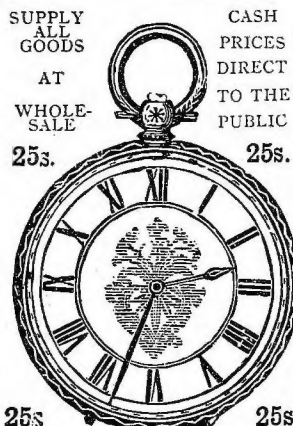
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